SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter*

Vol. 63. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 725 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1883. $3.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 11.

CARE.

BY E. P. R.

The waves that on the sparkling sand
Their foaming crests upheave,
Lightly receding from the land,
Seems not a trace to leave.
Those billows, in their careless play,
Have worn the solid rocks away.

The summer winds, which wandering sigh
Amid the forest bower,
So gently as they murmur by,
Scarce lift the drooping flower.
Yet bear they, in autumal gloom,
Spring's withered beauties to the tomb.

Thus worldly cares, though lightly borne,
Their impress leave behind;
And spirits which their bonds would spurn,
Their blighting traces find.
Till altered thoughts, and hearts grow cold,
The change of passing years unfold.

Her Mother's Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "A BLACK VEIL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

"YOU must rest, Bertie," said Lady Marcia. "You know how far from strong you are.

"If you are good and obedient, you shall see Irene and Lady Ryeford this evening. Another old friend of yours is coming over—Sir Trevor."

The young heir's face brightened at his name.

"I shall be glad to see him. Daphne, do you know him?"

A rosy flush dyed the sweet face.

Daphne was only too conscious that she knew rather too much of him, for he pursued her like her shadow.

Lord Hyde wondered what the blush meant.

"How we laughed at him, Alaric and I! He did not like ladies' society in those days.

"When we were out riding together, if he saw a carriage coming, he would say, 'Turn the other way, boys; here are some of those terrible women.

"'They are sure to keep us half an hour at least.'

"It amused us so.

"Is he just the same now?"

"No, not quite," replied Lady Marcia. "You will see for yourself, if you will only rest this one afternoon. You are quite unfit for exertion.

"You shall go into the drawing-room this evening, and there you will see everybody."

"I feel quite rich in relatives now," said Lord Hyde.

"Alaric and I often regretted that we were so few in family.

"When we heard people whom we met abroad talking of their numerous relatives we felt rather lonely at times, remembering we had but two, our father and aunt Marcia.

"It is true they are two worth a hundred others."

"My dearest Bertie, do not talk so much. Rest for the next few hours; then do what you will."

"I will rest if Daphne will stay with me," he said.

"Ah, then you would not rest at all! You would talk, both of you.

"No, Daphne must go, and I will sit here."

"You are always adorable, aunt Marcia. If Daphne goes away, when will she come back?

"Looking at her makes me think of morning sunlight, blooming roses, forget-me-nots growing near the brook."

Daphne laughed.

Such flattering words could scarcely fail to please a young girl.

"My father would like you," she said naively; "you are evidently an artist at heart."

"Is your father an artist, Daphne?" he asked.

And with simple faith she replied—

"Yes; he is one of the finest artists in the world."

Catching another despairing glance from Lady Marcia, Daphne's conscience smote her.

It was very plain that while she remained he would never stop talking.

"I must go," she said; "but, Lady Marcia, if—if he—that is, if you want me, you will be sure to send for me?"

"Quite sure, if I want you," answered Lady Marcia, with an inward conviction that such would not be the case.

"I do not like to loose sight of her for a moment," said Lord Hyde. "I have never had a sister before.

"Aunt Marcia," he added in a half-whisper, which however reached Daphne's ears, "do you think I might ask her to kiss me again?"

"My dear boy, I do not know," answered Lady Marcia.

But Daphne took the matter into her own hands.

He had but just escaped from the very jaws of death, he looked very warn and ill.

Daphne's loving heart went out to him, full of pity; she bent over him and touched his forehead with her lips. Then she went out, closing the door carefully, lest a sound should disturb him.

"Now, my Bertie, rest," said Lady Marcia gently.

"I do not think I can, aunt.

"For I have an idea that almost bewilders me.

"It seems to me really that Heaven has sent Daphne to me in Alaric's place. I was so desolate without him that I did not even care for life; and now I find her here in his place.

"She should be called 'Dieu-donnee,' for she is God-given to me. She has Alaric's face, his smile, his laughing happy eyes, his voice.

"I cannot forget my astonishment."

"It does seem strange," allowed aunt Marcia.

"Yet it is merely a natural coincidence. Alaric had the Cradoc face, and so has Daphne."

"Aunt Marcia, do you remember that sweet hymn you sang to us at night years ago—to Alaric and me?

"If you would sing it now, I am sure that I should sleep."

And the voice that had never been raised in song since "the boys" were lost sounded now like the dying echo of the summer wind.

The children had always loved the sweet hymn—

"Oh, Thou who on the waters deep"

—and, as Bertie listened to the familiar words, his eyes closed.

When Lady Marcia looked at him again, he was sound asleep; and this time all the lines of pain and exhaustion were gone and a happy smile was on his lips.

"He will live, I believe," she said; "and, if he does, it will be Daphne who will have saved him."

Lady Marcia did what any good woman would have done; she knelt down by his side and prayed.

It seemed to her that she had not half thanked Heaven for this great mercy. She wept and prayed, thanks blending with petitions that, now that he was safely home he might live.

The Earl, returning to look once more at his son, saw him lying in this peaceful profound slumber, with Lady Marcia's head bent over him, and silently closed the door.

He would not intrude upon such a scene as that.

After a time, Lady Marcia, worn out with emotions, fell asleep also; and the two who loved each other almost as mother and son were at peace together.

From the library Daphne went at once to the picture-gallery.

She longed to see that other face again. The light was waning now, for the winter day was drawing to a close. There was in the western sky a weird yellow light, which, as it fell on the pictures, seemed to endue them with life.

A sense of awe came over Daphne. Could this perfect ideal and beautiful face be the presentment of that down-stairs, so pale and worn?

"How he seems to love me!" she thought—she quite forgot that their friendship had not extended over many hours. "I must do all I can for him," thought innocent Daphne, all unconscious of what was passing in her heart.

"The Earl has been so kind to me; now I can make some return by helping to nurse his son back to health."

But, like every one else, Daphne felt some little alarm.

He was so very ill, and his wound was so terrible.

She looked up at the smiling face in the picture.

"Ah, poor fellow!" she cried.

"Surely—surely you have not come home to die?"

Then she bethought herself that on that evening she would wear her prettiest dress and flowers, since he seemed to love them. It was not dark yet; she would have plenty of time to run down to the river-bank and gather some forget-me-nots. She would wear only flowers in her hair, just to please him.

"I am glad that I am like Alaric," she said to herself; "he will love me all the more."

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The room was shadowy when Bertie opened his eyes again, and found Lady Marcia still kneeling by his side.

The deep sleep had greatly relieved him; the confusion had passed from his brain. Where was his beautiful golden-haired sister?

"Daphne!" was the very first word he uttered.

Lady Marcia looked at him smilingly.

"You shall see Daphne.

"You are a good boy, Bertie, as you always were.

"You have slept for three whole hours: now you may do just as you like."

"That was sleep, aunt Marcia," he said, as he bent down and kissed her.

"On board, coming home, I rarely slept. The wash of the water awoke me; it was so like the rush of our beautiful river at home.

"You say that I may do as I like. Let me see Irene, will you, aunt Marcia? Is she anything like Daphne?"

"No, not at all," replied Lady Marcia; "and I must confess I love Daphne best."

She certainly was not like Daphne, he decided, when Irene appeared, in answer to a summons from Lady Marcia; but, as she stood before him, the beautiful passionate face bright with smiles, the dark eyes gleaming, Lord Hyde felt that he had never seen so perfectly, beautiful a woman—a very queen, with the curve of the mouth and throat that one finds in the master-pieces of Greek art.

As she approached him with outstretched hands, she was struck as Daphne had been, by the white wan face, knelt down by his side in womanly sweetness and tender compassion.

"Welcome home," she said—"a thousand times welcome home!"

"So you are Irene?

"How fortunate I am to find here two such gentle kinswomen!

"And you are really pleased to see me, Irene.

"I am truly.

"I do not believe that any one could be more so.

"From my very heart I bid you 'Welcome home.'"

He clasped Irene's hands with emotion and kissed them.

"My return will affect you, Irene, seriously," he said.

"They tell me you were to have been Countess of Cradoc."

"A baseless vision!" she replied laughingly.

"Dear Lord Hyde, it was a splendid future; but life held something even sweeter and brighter—did it not, Lady Marcia?"

"Yes, it did, and does, my dear. Bertie will see all that for himself."

"Amongst all your friends," Irene said, as she leaned over him, "none bids you a truer or more loving welcome than I. Some day—and the day is not far off—I shall have a title that I love even better than that of Countess of Cradoc. Can you believe that?"

"I can believe anything you say," he replied.

And Irene, whose kisses had been sacred to Arran, bent down swiftly and pressed her lips to Bertie's brow.

* * * * * * *

Throughout the mansion was diffused a spirit of joy and festivity to which it had long been a stranger.

The wonderful news had spread amongst the servants.

Grey who had nursed "the lads" and played with them, who had worshipped them from the time they were curly-haired children, whose hair had grown white, like his master's, with sorrowing for them, had been found at the door of the library, crying like a child, craving to see "Master Bertie."

Lord Hyde heard his voice and called him in.

He used to tell in years afterwards how the old man fell upon his knees and cried when he saw him blessing Heaven that this great mercy had been vouchsafed to him before he died.

Then all the faithful old servants, one after another, had made their way to the library door, and asked to see him.

The Earl, perfectly bewildered between happiness and anxiety, paced up and down the room.

The rumor spread rapidly that Bertie was saved, and was home again. The keepers from the woods, the boatmen from the river the laborers from the estate, all came running to the Hall.

Was what they heard true—that the young master had been picked up at sea, was living, and had come back?

Rumor always flies.

The news reached Sir Trevor before many hours were over, and the Duke of Spalding that same day.

The county had never been in such a turmoil before—never had such general sympathy and delight been shown.

In the brilliantly-lighted dining-room a gay party were assembled.

Lord Hyde had gone down while dinner was being served; and he could not help smiling at the peculiar bearing of the servants to him.

They still seemed half afraid of him—as though he had come from another world; they scanned him with rapid glances, and listened with deep attention when he spoke as though there was something supernatural in the tones of his voice.

There had been some difficulty in finding clothes for him, for the young man had grown since he left home; but Lady Marcia had fortunately found a dress-suit which Alaric had left behind when starting on his travels.

Bertie laughed, with what looked like tears in his eyes, when he saw himself once more in the evening-costume of polite society.

Now dinner was over, and the ladies adjourned to the drawing-room, Daphne conscious of looking her best, in a dress of white silk with fine cloudy lace, her golden hair decked with the blue forget-me-nots from the river-bank and a few sprays of the same blue flower at her breast.

"Daphne," cried Bertie eagerly, not seeming to notice any one else as he entered the room and settled himself on a couch, "come here.

"I have been longing to see you again," he whispered, as she seated herself by him.

"Once or twice I was afraid it was all a dream."

His eyes lingered on her with passionate fondness.

Then Lady Marcia came up with so many injunctions that he fairly laughed aloud. He might talk—she wished him to do so but he must lie down and not agitate himself.

"It is absurd, aunt Marcia, for a great fellow like me to be lying on a sofa like a delicate girl!"

"Ah, my dear, be patient!" she begged. "Think what a narrow escape you have had of lying elsewhere.

"Daphne, you must sit by him and keep him in order."

"I am quite willing," said Miss Erlecote.

"Daphne," asked Lord Hyde, "where did you get those beautiful forget-me-nots?

"Do you know that they are just the color of your eyes—the self-same blue?"

"I got them by the river-side. It is very early for them; but I thought you would like them."

"Did you really gather them and don them to please me?" he said.

"Certainly I did." Then she dropped her blue eyes, wondering if she had said anything wrong.

Never was girl more charmingly innocent and free from guile than Daphne. Coquetry and flirtation were as a sealed book to her.

It seemed only natural that in her sisterly capacity she should do everything to please her young kinsman.

"Knowing you love the river," she said, as though in explanation, "I naturally thought you would like to see some flowers from its bank."

"Truly a happy thought," he then remarked.

A shadow fell upon Daphne's golden head.

Looking up, he saw a tall stately woman dressed in black velvet and wearing some fine diamonds.

Her face was handsome, but her eyes had a cold hard expression.

They seemed to exercise a malign influence over him in his nervous excited state; he could have fancied that a cold wind blew over him, that an icy hand touched his heart.

"I congratulate you, Lord Hyde," she said, "on your very unexpected return."

There was nothing in the words; but they sounded to him almost like a curse.

Daphne shivered and shrank as she never had before. Lord Hyde was at a loss for a reply.

"You do not know me," she said, with an icy smile, "and there is no one to introduce me.

"I am Lady Ryeford, Irene's mother."

The tone in which she uttered the words conveyed, as plainly as possible: "The mother of the girl to whom your return is a grievous wrong."

He felt it so; but, without comment, he held out his hand to her, and said simply—

"I thank you, Lady Ryeford. My return is most unexpected, even to myself."

"I should have thought," she continued, "that you might have let the Earl know you were living.

"He has suffered such anxiety, and other people's lives have been sadly disturbed—and all for nothing.

"Surely, in these days of steam and telegraphy, you might have communicated with him!"

Daphne looked up, her face burning with indignation to hear him spoken to in that fashion.

Lord Hyde laughed.

"I had unfortunately received a blow on the head, which brought on fever, and the fever took away my senses. That was why I could not write."

She uttered no word of sympathy; the cold hard look deepened on her face.

Lord Hyde went on—

"Perhaps I ought to apologize for being alive when every one believed me dead; but my dear father was well pleased to see me."

"So was I," declared Daphne, in hot indignation.

"Every one was delighted and happy to welcome you."

Lady Ryeford's cold proud eyes dwelt scornfully on the fair flushed face.

"You are exciting yourself needlessly, Miss Erlecote," she said.

"Naturally enough every one would be delighted to welcome the return of the young heir."

The emphasis she laid on the last two words made Daphne's face burn, although she could not tell why.

Then Lady Ryeford sailed majestically across the room.

"Daphne," said Lord Hyde, in a half-amused, half-pained tone, "that woman hates me."

"I believe she does," was the quick reply; "but she might at least not show it. none of us like her.

"Lady Marcia and I have often wondered how it was that a woman so haughty and self-interested could have a daughter like Irene.

"She is honestly, heartily glad that you are here, as is her lover, Arran Darleigh. He could not bear the idea that she was to be an heiress."

"He is a Radical, I hear?" said the young lord.

"I know," returned Daphne, "that he is a noble, clever man."

"There could scarcely be higher praise," said Lord Hyde.

"I love him very much," continued Daphne earnestly.

"You what, Daphne?" he asked very quickly.

"I love him very much," she repeated; "at least that is——

"Oh, you know quite well what I mean, Lord Hyde!

"He is a dear friend of mine."

"I think Irene is to be congratulated on her lover," he said.

Then, after a pause, he added, "Is there some one who has a *penchant* for you Daphne?"

"No," she replied, with a blush, her beautiful head drooping.

"I am glad—heartily glad," he said.

"Are you?

"Why?" she asked.

"Why, if there were some one who wanted you always to talk to him, sing to him, and walk with him, you would not have any time to spare for me."

"That is perfectly true," she answered. "But, Bertie, I am afraid I have made a mistake.

"There is some one who is always telling me how much he admires me.

"But I do not like him much—only pretty well."

"If I were you, I would not let any one tease me in that fashion," said the young lord wisely."

"I believe," he broke off suddenly, "that Lady Ryeford has an evil eye.

"I cannot help it, but I turn cold every time she looks at me. I have not seen Arran Darleigh yet. Do you think I shall like him?"

"I am sure you will," she replied loyally. "You will not agree—that is quite certain—on many points; but you are sure to like and respect each other."

"What a philosopher you are, Daphne!" he commented. "Do you know, I cannot help repeating how glad I am that you are fancy free."

"Yes; it is a good thing," said Daphne quaintly.

"I shall be able to devote myself entirely to my new brother."

Lady Marcia came up just then to see if he was overtiring himself.

"Aunt Marcia," cried the young lord, catching her hand, "I am so pleased to hear that Daphne is not engaged!"

"My dear boy," she returned, in amazement, "I am not sure that there is any reason for congratulations in that!"

"Oh, yes, there is!" he declared cheerfully.

"And Daphne thinks so too. You see, now she will be able to give all her time to me."

"I see," said aunt Marcia drily.

Further reply she made none, for at that moment two or three of the gentlemen advanced to speak to the young lord.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SIR TREVOR was almost beside himself with joy because of Bertie's return. His handsome genial face flushed; his eyes shone with delight.

"No one was more grieved over the bad news, no one rejoiced more over the good news than I, my dearest Bertie. Welcome home!"

But, looking at the wan face and transparent hands, he wondered, like every one else, if the young fellow had come home only to die.

He was somewhat discontented when he saw the young lord take Daphne's hand and hold it tightly clasped in his.

He looked from her to Sir Trevor and said—

"You see, I am afraid to let her leave me lest I should awake suddenly and find myself back again in the dismal ship. It is all like a dream, and she is the fairest part of the vision."

"Indeed she is," agreed Sir Trevor admiringly.

"It must be a surprise to you to find such charming additions to the family circle."

"I think it is perfectly delightful," said Lord Hyde.

But, as he spoke, his eyes wondered to Lady Ryeford's face. He saw but little beauty there; she was watching him with a cold hard look.

"We shall have some of the old happy days again," remarked Sir Trevor. "We shall gallop over the downs once more, Bertie, and row on the river; all the old bright times will return."

"But without Alaric," amended the young heir sadly.

"You will have Miss Erlecote here," said Sir Trevor, "and she will take poor Alaric's place."

"Yes, she has promised to be as a sister to me," announced Lord Hyde.

Sir Trevor's face cleared instantly.

Then they chatted together for a time, Daphne listening in sweet sympathetic silence.

"That is Arran Darleigh then?" said Lord Hyde suddenly.

"What a fine face!

"Why, Daphne, you did not tell me how handsome he was!"

Then all conversation was hushed, for Irene began the Earl's favorite song "When sparrows build."

Never had the words seemed so full of pathos—

"But perhaps I shall meet and know thee again
When the sea gives up her dead."

Not a sound broke the silence when the old Earl crossed the room to where his son was lying, and, bending down, kissed him tenderly.

"I shall love the sea now," he said, "for, if it has taken one son from me, it has borne the other back to me on its broad bosom. Daphne, do you remember, when I first saw you at the old Manor House, how the first sight of the blue shining waters had unnerved me?"

"How completely she is one of them!" thought Sir Trevor.

"They never seem to dream of any one else wanting her."

The same thought passed through Lady Ryeford's malevolent mind.

"A happy family party!" she said to herself with a sneer.

"What a lovely song that is," said Lord Hyde, "and what a marvellous voice Irene has!

"Ask her to sing something more."

With a bright smile Irene looked across the room at him.

"Tell Lord Hyde," she said to Arran, "that I will sing all the evening for him, if he wishes it."

"I shall take no such message, Miss Ryeford," replied Arran.

"If you sing all the evening, it will be to please me, and no one else. I am beginning to feel jealous."

"You have such cause," she remarked. "Now listen, Arran. My next song shall be a sad one—'A regret.'

"A beautiful, though sad song, with a warning in it," remarked Arran, after she had finished. "You must not quarrel with me, Irene."

"I never shall, Arran. I have never quarrelled with any one in my whole life yet except——"

She stopped, and a look of pain came over her face.

"Except my mother," she said slowly. "We have not always agreed on every subject."

"Lady Ryeford does not look like herself to-night," observed Arran.

"I am afraid this is a great disappointment to her, Irene.

"She loves money, or rather what it brings, so much."

"I know she is disappointed; and it is only natural.

"We have youth and love, dear; but to mamma power and wealth are all in all. Have you spoken to Lord Hyde yet?"

"No.

"The Earl begged us to be careful; I am waiting until Sir Trevor leaves him."

"Sir Trevor will not move while Daphne is there, unless he is sent for. I will send for him."

A few minutes afterwards he received a message from Miss Ryeford, saying that she much wished to speak to him.

"To speak to me?" echoed the Baronet, in surprise.

"What an extraordinary thing! I never remember her wanting to speak to me before."

He looked disconsolately at Daphne, who was laughing at his rueful face.

"Must I go, do you think?" he asked.

"Certainly.

"How can you refuse?"

"I may come back to my place here again?" he said.

"Of course you may, laughed the young lord.

"You ought to be delighted when a charming young lady sends for you. But I forgot—you are no great admirer of the sex."

"I am of one of the sex," said Sir Trevor bluntly.

"That is bad," rejoined Lord Hyde. "It would be much safer to admire the sex collectively."

Still Sir Trevor lingered. He longed to take Daphne with him. At last he rose reluctantly.

"It is very hard to tear oneself away," he sighed.

But neither of them noticed what he said; they were too much engrossed with each other.

"Sir Knight of the Woeful Countenance," laughed Irene, "I know what you think of me for sending for you. I did it for 'my true love's sake.'

"He wants to speak to Lord Hyde, and the Earl will not allow more than one gentleman with him at once. Sit down by me, and be patient."

"Why does not Miss Erlecote leave him for a while?" he said.

"Surely she cannot be with him always in this fashion?

"It seems to me too absurd."

"You are jealous, Sir Trevor," laughed Irene.

"No, I am not; I could not be jealous of Bertie.

"They are related, and she is sorry for the poor fellow, which is only natural, you know, Miss Ryeford.

"I do not mind it the least in the world. But, now that I come to think of it, one thing does seem rather odd. Do you remember how much Daphne always admired his picture?"

"I do.

"It was a foreshadowing of how much she would love him.

"Hush, Miss Ryeford!

"There is no need to ring a man's death-knell in his ears.

"If she does like him Heaven bless her! No matter who she likes, I say, may Heaven bless her always!"

"That is right, Sir Trevor. Those words have the true chivalrous ring," said Irene; and then, to make amends for teasing him, she talked to him about Daphne as he liked to hear her talk.

In the meantime the two young men had shaken hands.

"I have been longing to come to you," said Arran; "but the Earl's commands were strict.

"I did not dare to disobey them. Though I am the last of the household to come to you, there is no welcome more sincere than mine—none."

"Thanks" responded Lord Hyde.

"How different from that horrible Lady Ryeford's reception!" thought Daphne, who could not forgive that interview.

"You are one of those to whom I have to apologize for what Lady Ryeford calls my 'very unexpected return,'" said Lord Hyde with a smile not free from bitterness.

"You owe me no apology," answered Arran, with a happy laugh. "You have rescued me from a very unpleasant dilemma—in fact, you have rendered me the greatest possible service. My wife will be my very own now, and not the head of the House of Cradoc.

"I want her to be head of the House of Darleigh"—with a smile—"but I could hardly refuse anything to your father when he seemed in such sore distress."

"I knew that was what Arran thought," put in Daphne. "For him it would have been a sacrifice."

"It would indeed," declared Arran gravely.

"I had laid all my plans—what I would do, and how I would do it; and the life I contemplated seemed to me a very much better and higher one than that which must have been mine had you not returned."

"Those are pleasant words," said the young lord cheerfully.

"I think it would have broken my heart if any one had looked on my return as a misfortune."

He little knew that one person in that room looked on him with mortal hatred, and would have gladly slain him by a wish had such a thing been possible.

"Alaric was the heir, not I," he added; "and I would to Heaven he had returned in my place!"

"I am thankful that you are safe," observed Daphne.

"I cannot tell why, but my heart always grieved for you."

"How strange!" said the young lord, with a bright smile.

"Very strange!" said Arran, with a look on his face which neither of them quite understood.

* * * * * * *

The young heir had been at home now several days, and was becoming quite accustomed to what seemed a new life for him.

He could not help feeling deeply touched by his welcome.

Every one was delighted, every one kind, with the exception of Lady Ryeford. Outwardly she kept up appearances; but she hated him with a terrible hatred. He had spoiled all.

But for him the large fortune, the immense estates, even the title itself, would have been Irene's.

She knew—for she had heard the discussion between the Earl and the lawyer—that the draft of Lord Cradoc's will had been prepared; and, if this "boy," as she contemptuously termed him, had not returned that will would have been signed in her daughter's favor.

To have had such a fortune in her grasp, and have lost it! The very thought was a torture to her.

"It would drive many a woman mad," she muttered again and again. "Why should he have returned when all was settled so amicably?"

She hated Arran, but even he became almost dear in her eyes in comparison with the young lord, whose illness was far from being a source of grief to her.

He did not regain his strength very quickly.

The Earl had sent to London for the great Sir James Hudson, and he came to see the young heir.

He would not give any decided opinion—in fact, he could not.

He said the young lord's constitution had been terribly tried by the long exposure in the water, and by the fever which had followed.

The surest means of restoration to health would be, he said, not medicine, but cheerful happy society, plenty of fresh air and generous diet.

Whether the injury received was of a serious nature he could hardly tell at present; but the sudden and irresistible tendency to sleep was a very bad sign.

He promised to return in a fortnight and see him again.

The Earl was a little cheered by the doctor's visit, although the result was not so favorable as he had wished.

"Rely upon it," said Lady Marcia, "the doctor is right. Bertie wants cheerful society.

"Daphne's presence will do him more good than all the doctors and all the medicine in the world."

"He is very fond of her," remarked the Earl thoughtfully.

"Very," was the brief reply; but aunt Marcia did not utter all she thought.

Lord Hyde made little progress, though everything possible was done for him.

Daphne was his most attentive nurse; they were always together.

There was something wistful, even pitiful

in Lord Hyde's voice as he asked continually, "Where is Daphne?"

If he entered a room and she was not present; if he was going out and she was not at hand ready dressed, his question always was, "Where is Daphne?" He could not rest without her.

When one of his terrible and exhausting sleeping fits came on, he would hold her hand in his.

When the wild fits of grief for his brother came upon him, Daphne alone could console and comfort him.

He wandered with her through the grounds and the gardens, showing her everything Alaric had loved; he talked to her, as he talked to no one else, of his sufferings and adventures; he trusted her with the dearest secrets of his heart, and firmly believed that he loved her like a sister; while Daphne cared little enough what he called her, or in what fashion he loved her, so that they were happy together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Mistletoe.

BY HENRY FRITH.

FOR two weeks a gay party had been cheating Old Time, or themselves, at Mrs. Edwards' hospitable country house, which had been thrown open by its hostess for an old-fashioned winter jollification, which was to include the holidays.

All the guests were well known to each other—all save one.

At the end of this first fortnight, both among men and women, remarkable to tell, she reigned prime favorite.

"I'm just determined to have Nellie Arden with us!" Mrs. Edwards had said to her husband when they had been arranging their list.

"It's just a shame!

"Buried down there in the country, she sees no one, and she's as pretty as a picture.

"Uncle Reuben is so horrid and selfish that I expect I shall have to go through a regular siege to get her, but come she shall—that I am determined on—and I'll take her up to town, too, for the winter, if he'll let her stay so long."

"All right, my dear," Clarence Edwards had replied, with considerable faith in his wife's ability to carry any threats into execution—a faith in this instance well-founded, for by some means, known only to herself, Mrs. Edwards had gained her point, and the first among her guests to claim a welcome was the charming little cousin whom she had beguiled from her country home.

"I quite depend upon you, Nellie," she said, "to help me in entertaining all those people; only don't make the women too jealous.

"If you can escape that, I give you free permission to break the hearts of all the men."

A bright blush had mounted to the girl's cheek as she listened to these words.

A strange embarrassment took possession of her.

"Cousin Ada," she stammered, "I think I ought to tell you that——"

But she got no further.

Some one at that moment interrupted, and the conversation was never resumed until——

But we anticipate.

Two weeks of the four had passed.

What a glad merry time it had been!

They could hardly find time for sleep in pleasure's relentless pursuit.

To Nellie Arden it was a life she had dreamed of, read of, but in her wildest imaginations had not fancied it could be made reality to her.

She was supremely happy.

The women made of her a pet and plaything.

The men——

Well, somehow, all had given place to one.

It was Jack Vernon who always secured the after-dinner place by her side—Jack Vernon who rode or drove with her—Jack Vernon whose step best accorded with hers in the waltz—handsome Jack Vernon, the young officer, home on furlough.

It was the buttons, of course, the other men declared.

They were very imaginary buttons, for he wore no insignia of his rank, though the straight form and splendidly-held shoulders marked him every inch a soldier.

It had all come to be a matter of course to Nellie.

She had got on better with Mr. Vernon—that was all.

That any possible danger might lurk to either of them she never dreamed.

It was Christmas Eve, and not until in the "wee sma' hours were the "good nights" said.

There had been dancing and tableaux.

In both, Nellie had distinguished herself.

"Isn't it perfect?" she had breathlessly exclaimed to her partner.

"Oh, dear, I wish it might last for ever!"

"What might last for ever, Miss Nellie?" he had answered, half-roguishly, half-seriously—"that you might dance through life with my arm encircling yoour waist? I am quite willing, I assure you."

But she had torn herself away at his words, with vivid blush, and ran hastily up the stairs, her hostess calling after her.

"Beware of the mistletoe, Nellie, to-morrow."

This warning fell unheeded on her ears, for the words which had preceded them were still ringing there.

Her own room gained at last, she turned the key in the lock, and stood pale and motionless, her two hands clasped above her heart.

Why was it beating so wildly?

At Jack Vernon's foolish, doubtless already forgotten words?

Or had they suddenly brought before her something which she had forgotten—something of which to-night the memory burned itself into heart and brain alike—something before which she shrank, trembling and afraid?

Her face was a little paler than its wont, next morning, when she came down the broad stairs into the seemingly deserted hall.

Evidently she was as usual one of the early ones upon the scene.

And breakfast in this house meant not a formal gathering at a set hour, but a gradual dropping in of guests into the breakfast room, from nine until twelve.

It was not yet nine.

Even the butler would look surprised to see her before then, she thought, and she turned aside into the library.

She had imagined herself the first-comer.

But here somebody was was before her, somebody who sprang up from a table, where he was half-hidden behind a newspaper, and coming eagerly forward, caught her by both hands.

"Fairly won!" cried the gay voice she knew so well.

"First under the mistletoe, Miss Nellie, I claim my reward."

And he stooped as if about to press a kiss upon her lips.

She drew back, flushing crimson.

"Don't, Mr. Vernon!" she said. "I—I did not remember."

He laughed, then.

It was long ere any one heard such a merry, boyish laugh issue again from Jack Vernon's lips.

"Did you think I would steal what you would not give me willingly, Nellie?" he asked, and his voice now was grave and tender as he went on.

"Lift up your face, then, little girl, and let me taste the sweetness of your red lips.

"It is Christmas Day.

"Have you no gift to offer me, my darling?

"There is only one I crave.

"Give it to me, with your kiss.

"Fulfil the promise of the mistletoe. It is yourself, child.

"What have I said—what has happened?"

For Nellie, pale and gasping, stretched out one trembling hand to the table for support, and held out the other, as though in warding him off she kept something terrible and terrifying at bay.

"Is my love so repulsive to you?" he asked reproachfully.

"Have I indeed so cruelly deceived myself?"

"It is my fault, all my fault!" the girl found voice to whisper then.

"I, I should have told you.

"I already am engaged.

"I am to be married in the spring."

"You engaged—you to be married in the spring!

"And you have let your great brown eyes look into mine though I might read down, down into your soul!

"Tell me you are jesting, Nellie! For Heaven's sake end this cruel farce!"

"I cannot—I dare not—it is too true! Oh, spare me your reproaches; I did not dream of this!"

He laughed then, but oh! how differently it sounded.

It was a cruel, mocking laugh, all unfitting the Christmas sunshine.

"Flirt, coquette!" he muttered.

"And I thought you such a child, such a sweet innocent, soulful child, that I marvelled how I dared attempt to whiten my own life that I might unite it with yours."

Then, ere she had divined his intention, he had sprang upon a chair, snatched down the mistletoe from where it had hung over the door, and stamped and crushed it beneath his feet.

She covered her white face with her two little trembling hands.

When she took them down he had gone, and only the bruised and broken leaves told her of the scene through which she had passed.

Stooping, she picked up a tiny sprig, and covering it with kisses, flew with it sobbing to her room.

A few hours later she opened her door to admit her hostess and cousin.

"What is all this, Nellie?" asked Mrs. Edwards.

"Jack Vernon comes to bid me good-bye in a great hurry, and when I question the cause of his abrupt departure, he tells me to come to you.

"And here I have fancied you two were in love with each other, and so admirably suited in every way.

"It is too bad!

"What does it all mean?"

"It means something I see now I ought to have told you before, cousin Ada.

"It means that I am engaged to be married to another man, and oh! help and pity me; I am so unhappy!"

"It means that you didn't know your own heart, or its existence, until Jack Vernon taught you the lesson.

"Acknowledge that, Nellie.

"Break off this foolish engagement, such bonds are far better broken than kept, and let me send for Jack to come back."

"I can't" sobbed the girl.

"I am to marry Harold Green, cousin Ada, and he holds the mortgage on all papa's property.

"I have given my word; I must keep it.

"I did not know how hard it would be; but that is no excuse.

"Only let me go away, cousin Ada.

"It's the kindest thing you can do now.

"I ought never to have come."

So the Christmas party lost two of their number.

If any suspected, only cousin Ada knew the truth, and bluster and scold Nellie as she might, she kept the poor child's secret, but sighed heavily as, one week afterwards, she read that Jack Vernon had rejoined his regiment.

A little later the same paper held the printed announcement of that which engraved cards lying in her basket already had predicted, viz., the marriage of Nellie Arden to Harold Green.

He was a grave, stern man, this Harold Green, but he fondly loved his young wife, and though he sometimes wondered why she so rarely smiled, he could find no fault with the gentle tenderness she always showed him.

"You have made me very happy, darling," he whispered to her, one little year later, when they bore him to his bed after a fall from his horse which had fatally injured him.

"You have made me so happy that death's one pang is in leaving my girl wife!"

He little dreamed what fierce remorse was in her heart as she heard the words, which were his last.

He little knew the shadow which had come between them ever, until now death's shadow took its place.

"I gave him all I had to give," she murmured, as she bent to kiss his marble brow.

"Was it my fault my heart was not mine own to offer.

"Does he know the truth now, I wonder? and has he forgiven me?"

Another and another Christmas came and went.

Three years had passed since Nellie Green had learned her heart's secret, when one morning by her plate at breakfast she found a note addressed in cousin Ada's well-known hand.

"We are going into the country again for Christmas, not a gay party as we were before, but just one or two grave people like ourselves.

"If but for 'Auld Lang Syne's' sake, dear child, will you not join us?

"Remember, I accept no refusal."

Should she go? Nellie asked herself.

What not?

What comparison could be drawn between the gay, happy girl of three years before, and this sad-eyed woman, still wearing her widow's weeds?

Besides, Jack Vernon was a soldier still, and his regiment was far away.

So cousin Ada had her way; but sometimes Nellie was sorry that she had yielded. Old memories were awakened that had been sleeping; old longings she had thought long buried in their graves.

More than ever they pressed upon her as she watched the Christmas dawn break.

As once before, she stole down the stairs, the first astir except the servants, and stood upon the threshold of the library.

She might enter now unchallenged.

With a sad, sweet smile she threw open the door, and stepped within the room, only to stagger back, a faint scream upon her lips.

Had she conjured up some wrath of the past?

For there, with his handsome brown eyes staring straight into hers, a haughty, cruel smile upon his lips, stood Jack Vernon.

"So this is the trick Mrs. Edwards has played me," he said, "when she summoned me here for the Christmas season? You see, old memories were too strong for me. I only arrived last night after the household had retired.

"Yet this morning I came into this room. I heard the names of all the guests. Yours was not mentioned."

"You did not know, perhaps, my married name?" she murmured.

"As you say, it was a cruel trick; but believe me, I have been no party to it. Had I dreamt of meeting you, I should never have come."

He laughed sardonically.

"You think it necessary to impress that fact upon me?" he asked.

"Why not tell me at once you would avoid me as you would shun the plague. Have you not already despised and trodden on my heart?

"See! you are standing under the mistletoe.

"Are you not afraid I may claim the forfeit?"

"It is you who are cruel now," she answered. "You asked me once for a Christmas gift. Let me claim one from you. I meant to do you no wrong. Grant me your forgiveness."

"If I told you I forgave you, I should lie," he said.

"I loved you, but I was poor, and the man you married had money. He was old, they tell me, and you could not have cared for him. You sold yourself, then, for his gold?"

"I did not love him—no," she whispered in reply.

"That I did not, will be my life-long remorse, for he was good, and tender, and true to me; but it was not quite my fault. It is not for you to reproach me with it—you, who——"

She stopped, her voice shaken by sobs.

"I, once before was your dupe, do you wish to make me so a second time? Are your wiles more perfect now than then?

"Well, take your triumph.

"Standing there, and knowing you false as you are fair, my arms ache to enfold you, my lips burn to call you by every fond, endearing name, my soul cries out in its hungry greed for your possession!

"For the second time I throw you my heart, to trample under your feet as I once crushed under mine the mistletoe."

A strange light came into her eyes.

She slipped her hand within the breast of her dress, and drew out a little bag from which she took a tiny sprig of withered green.

"See!" she said, holding it before him, and laying one little hand upon his sleeve; "you crushed it, but I loved it better crushed than living.

"It has lain, night and day, on my heart, Jack.

"Oh, will you not forgive me now?"

Will the mistletoe tell what followed?

I think not, though the bright green boughs laughed in triumph, and even the poor little withered sprig smiled that its mission at last was ended.

But after all it was to cousin Ada that the real victory belonged.

"Such an opportunity to turn matchmaker!" she whispered to her confidential friends—"I really couldn't resist the temptation!"

For all of which two hearts, at least, are most devoutly thankful.

Bric-a-Brac.

CALLING IT SQUARE.—A dying man once sent for an Arkansas editor, who hastened to his death bed with more alacrity, as he had no heirs. "I'm glad you come," said the old man, in a deathly whisper. "Come closer." The editor approached. "You know that I worked hard and that I earned every cent I have got. Some time ago, you remember, I subscribed for your paper for six months. There is just one more number due me, and, as I am dying and can't wait till your next issue comes out, just give me a nickle and we'll call it square."

LUCKY DOG.—The gossips at the Grand Union, Saratoga, found a choice topic of conversation in the antics of a California lady with her dog. She was to be seen walking up and down the plazza for hours at a time in company with a beautiful little black and tan dog. The little creature cost $400. The lady ordered ear rings and a gold collar of special pattern for the dog. The ear-rings are worth $2000, and the collar, which is studded with emeralds and pearls, is worth $3000. A servant is provided to feed the dog and attend him when the mistress does not have him in charge.

THE HAIR.—As caps in some countries denote the status of the feminine wearer, hair-dressing in Japan tells of the lady's condition. There, a girl at the age of nine wears her hair tied up in a red scarf, the forehead being left bare, with the exception of a couple of locks, one each side. When she is of marriageable age she combs her hair forward, makes it up in the shape of a butterfly or fan and decorates it with silver cord and balls. A widow who wishes for a second husband twists her hair around a tortoise-shell pin, while an inconsolable widow cuts her hair short. These last are said to be rare.

SUNDAY.—Sunday is a day of sensations in some parts of Arkansas. Recently a body of men forced a preacher to suspend his discourse and read a paper warning several of his congregation. The most suggestive feature of this interruption of worship was that the intruders took the precaution to arm themselves to the teeth before entering into the sanctuary. Recent developments of the fighting strength of Arkansas parsons probably caused them to prepare against the risk of his producing a six-shooter from the sacred desk, to say nothing of the chance that his flock would open fire with their Winchesters from the pews.

"AS DARK AS MIDNIGHT."—This would have no significance this season in the place from which (Alaska) the following was written: "At Pyramid Harbor we were nearly touching the line of 60 degrees north latitude, and at this midsummer season the sun sets at 9.45 P.M., and the daylight did not fade from the sky before the royal flush of sunrise was bathing the snowy summits of the highest mountains. At midnight we could read newspapers on deck, the amateur photographers turned their cameras upon the matchless panorama before them, and the full witchery of that northern night was felt when the young moon hung white and faint in the eastern sky."

AN OLD SHOE.—You probably think if you look very sharply at an old shoe when you throw it away you will know it again if it ever comes back to you. But that doesn't at all follow. One of these days you may button your dress with an old pair of slippers you once owned, comb your hair with a boot, or grasp a cast-off gaiter while at your dinner. This is not romance, for old shoes are turned to account by manufacturers in the following manner: They are cut into very small pieces, and kept for a couple of days in chloride of sulphur. The effect of this is to make the leather hard and brittle. Next the material is withdrawn from the action of the chloride of sulphur, washed with water, and dried. When thoroughly dry it is ground to powder, and mixed with some substance like glue or gum, that causes it to adhere together. It is then pressed into moulds and shaped into buttons, combs, knife-handles, etc.

ADIEU!

BY C. J.

That white brow I might well do without,
And those cheeks' rosy hue;
And those lips with their petulant pout,
And those eyes' liquid blue:
And those tresses, more graceful than vine
That in Eden e'er grew;
And those ears of more exquisite line
Than the sea-shells e'er knew.
I might do without feel more divine
Than in fay dance e'er flew;
Without arms that enchantingly twine
Round the lover they woo;
Without glances as soft as the shine
Of clear moon-litten dew;
Without whispers as subtle and fine
As the love pigeon's coo:
Without kisses entrancing as wine,
Without smiles I might do:
Without all for which others all pine—
I might do without you!
Adieu!

UPTON COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

SHE had plenty of it during the first years of her womanhood.

Very few had outwardly a fairer start in life. That she was heavily weighted by her own faults did not appear to many.

The Upton estate was one of the fairest in the county, and the Durrants some of its truest blood.

They had shown among the wits of our Augustan age, and shared in the follies and extravagances of the Court of the Restoration.

Alike with sword and pen they were among the foremost.

An undying preeminence seemed to be their portion. From generation to generation their keen strong intellect appeared to be as freely and regularly handed down as were their broad unencumbered acres.

Miss Durrant was presented at Court, by a duchess, in the combined blaze of her own beauty and the family diamonds—the loveliest *debutante* of the season.

Her father gave up the quiet style of living which had suited him best since his wife's death.

His town house and Upton Court both opened their doors to endless visitors and endless hospitalities.

Birth, wealth and beauty all combined to make Katherine's debut a triumph.

In London she was the reigning beauty of the season; in her own county no festive gathering was deemed complete unless graced by her fair presence.

Young and old competed eagerly for her favor, sunned themselves in her gracious smiles, or bore willingly with the passing clouds that so often marred her glorious beauty.

She enjoyed her triumph to the full; vain and haughty, the almost unbounded power of which she found herself possessed was to her the highest gratification.

Yet it did not content her.

She longed for a still larger measure.

Nearly all the eligible men in her county were at her feet, but none did she consider worthy of her hand.

For years she had had fixed ideas as to her marriage, being of too pronounced and quick a character to be without them on such an important subject; she meant to make some great match—it did not matter much in what its greatness consisted—and quit the neighborhood in a blaze of glory, only to reappear at intervals, a bright particular star, to dazzle—ay, and it might be to scorch—all eyes with her radiance.

Ambition was the ruling principle of her life; love, if she ever thought of it, she despised; she had no idea of letting it disturb her calculations and disarrange her plans.

It was all very well for foolish romantic people to think, if it pleased them, that "love was all and the world well lost," the world was all and the world well won, and they not only effected the latter, but, as a rule, contrived to find themselves minus the first as well.

She had not the slightest intention of following their example.

The world they were well content to part with was worth a great deal more in her eyes than the affection of any human being who drew breath.

Handsome dwellings and gorgeous appointments, rich clothing and adornments, the thousand and one luxuries of modern life; these were something, the envious admiration they excited was more, the power they conferred most of all.

As yet Miss Durrant had found no suitor, among all those who thronged around her, who could perfectly fulfil these conditions—none therefore whom she deemed worthy of her hand.

But she did not disdain, for all that, to amuse herself at their expense; one after another she took them up in turn, permitting them to warm themselves and spread their fluttering wings in the blaze of her beauty and her intellect, from which presently however they dropped, scorched and quivering with pain—a sight indifferent, nay, even pleasing, to the overgrown vanity of the cruel beauty.

There are girls who so trifle with men, and yet whose hearts grow heavy with a sense of remorseful wrong-doing when those torn from them, rejected, with eyes that needs must fill with tears despite of manly pride.

But no such misgivings ever troubled Miss Durrant's mind.

It was all the same to her whether the man deserved it, having sought her merely for her wealth and beauty—a callous flirt himself perchance, who had broken some half-dozen hearts on his own account—or whether an honest, manly affection, evoked for the first time, lay shattered in the dust beneath her feet.

And the measure of her sinful pride seemed filled to overflowing when, having first lured him on to the furthest point, she sent one poor boy away to hide his broken heart in foreign lands, and end his bright young life in shameful courses.

But it is a dangerous game—that of playing with hearts; one in which the player can hardly hope eventually to escape with unburnt fingers.

Out of our own sins are forged—oftener than we are aware—the instruments that punish us.

Their retribution, though slow, is sure.

The first heart that yielded to the charm of Katherine's beauty, the first on which she tried her pretence hand, was that of her cousin, Charles Durrant, the eldest of her father's nephews, and, failing herself, next heir to his property.

He had been but little at Upton till he came there for one Long Vacation—an Oxonian of twenty.

He came—a bright, promising, clever lad, full of hope for the future, of trust in the amount of good in mankind, of reverent faith in women, with eager, boyish love of honor, and disdain of what was base.

Handsome, also, and comely he was, with the bright, curling hair and gray-blue eyes and open fearless features his nephew Edward was after him to inherit.

And he left with a bleeding heart, his bright visions of what he should achieve in the coming years vanished from his sight for ever.

His notions of right and wrong, of honor and dishonor, all strangely reversed and metamorphosed; his faith in women shattered for evermore.

And this wreck was Katherine's work.

He had fallen madly in love, in boyish fashion, with the bright maiden of seventeen, who, besides her budding beauty, had a wit as keen and clever as his own; who, in spite of her slight frame, equalled—if she did not excel—him in most of his out-door sports, luring the fish as surely to her bait as she lured his heart; turning her horse aside for no leap, however desperate; steering a boat on the river with dexterous readiness, or plying an oar with equal ease and skill—never for an instant losing the woman in it all—moreover, looking so slight and delicate that he always felt as if she needed his protection even when she had just shown him how little she required it; fascinating him with the charm of her wonderful music—in his love for which also he was the prototype of the Edward of coming days—or the yet more powerful spell of her voice.

Bright, imperious, wilful, but never—so it pleased her—allowing the waywardness to show itself in ungraceful forms.

Thus she played with him, allowing him to think his passionate devotion met with at least some return.

Granting him radiant smiles from her sweet lips, letting him look sometimes for an instant into the glorious depths of her dark eyes.

Allowing her voice to grow low and soft when she spoke to him.

Singing his favorite songs with a point and emphasis that to him appeared divine—to her it was a pleasant pastime, to him it was death.

So he found when, ridiculed and put to scorn, his tenderest feelings torn with cutting words, upbraided with his presumption in having sought the heiress, taunted with his folly in supposing it possible that she could throw herself away upon him, she drove him from her presence on the last day of his stay.

Wounded even as unto death, he fell ill, and, recovering he went abroad, there to seek and find consolation in many an ignoble shape.

He never returned to Oxford, where he had dreamt so many golden dreams.

And he never returned to Upton till he came there a bearded Captain in the Guards, a thorough man of the world, handsome, polished, keen and merciless—merciless as his cousin herself.

He found her, at the age of twenty-three, in the radiant noonday of that beauty of which he had seen the dawn.

Involved in a whirl of dissipation, adored by her father, surrounded, courted, flattered by throngs of admirers.

As if it were the correct thing to do he threw himself into their number.

Making love to her in a graceful, self-possessed, careless sort of way.

She received his homage at first with wondering incredulous rudeness.

She did not believe he could have so soon forgotten the severe lesson she had given him.

And yet perhaps, so whispered her overweening vanity, it was another tribute to her all victorious loveliness, that he should be content, after all he had endured, to bask in its blaze.

He, on his part, received the manifestations of contemptuous scorn to which she treated him with perfect equanimity.

At times a look would cross his face, interrupting, though but for a moment, the blandness of his smile—a look of deep and smothered feeling, not easy to explain, not pleasing to contemplate.

But his manner was always easy, unruffled, perfect in its languid affectation of ardor and admiration.

He came often to Upton Court after this first renewal of his intercourse with his uncle and cousin, coming and going with careless unconcern, and preserving always the same demeanor.

Not so did Katherine.

Her manner towards him varied with each passing humor.

Sometimes she would seem wholly unconscious of his existence.

At others she would single him out as the object of her unrestrained insolence.

And at others yet again she treated him with such favor that his companions began to chaff him about her in the smoking-room, telling him there were hopes for him after all.

But he would answer with perfect indifference and perfect gravity, that, Katherine being his cousin, he had perhaps the honor of a nearer acquaintance with her than was the fortune of most men.

Having such, he saw no reason to dissent from the popular opinion that her favor was changeable as the wind.

Changeable as the wind.

Ah, yes.

The breezes blow in fitful breaths around the roses in a summer garden!

But round our Christmas hearths the storm rages in its fury from one quarter alone.

Katherine Durrant did not hear so much current gossip as do many.

Her own sex disliked and feared her, and stood aloof from all but informal intercourse.

She received few matrimonial warnings, still fewer girlish confidences.

But she heard enough to know her cousin was reckoned a flirt.

As heartless as he was dangerous from his beauty and his subtle manner.

She knew it all, and if she had been inclined to fear him this would have removed all cause of fear.

Forewarned was forearmed.

Indeed the thought that she should succumb to any man had never entered her head, far less that she should commit the incomprehensible folly of throwing herself away on a poor soldier-cousin whom years ago she had despised.

Not so, indeed.

But his pretended love she held truly for the pretence it was, and his real indifference gradually provoked her.

It came into her wilful, pitiless head that he should be made to feel once more—as if it did not suffice her that he had once felt so much.

So she set to work, sometimes making him the envy of his fellows, then trying to pique him by sudden alternations of coldness and scorn or to make him jealous by some desperate flirtation—her interest in her scheme deepening, first, by the utter futility of her endeavors, then, by-and-by, by apparent tokens of success.

For, as time went on, and he, with keen insight, watched her growing earnestness, a purpose, long shadowy and undefined, took shape and color to his mind.

A plan utterly base in its fierce revenge.

With the calm strength of an iron will he had resolved that nothing should tempt him to be befooled again.

That nothing should?

Ah, nothing could!

Long ago she had burnt the capacity for entertaining any such weakness out of his seared soul.

It was her own handiwork that was to greet her now.

He began to let her think her design was succeeding.

Not as a less skillful artist might have done, by overloading her with attentions or wearying her with flattery.

He was far too experienced in the science of love-making to commit such an error as that.

He held himself gradually more aloof from her, though always contriving to be in her presence.

He grew moody and reserved in his manner towards her, towards others was sometimes silent and sometimes unnaturally gay.

Thus warmly and astutely, in cold blood, the game had been begun between these two consummate flirts.

It was never quite even perhaps, for, if it were improbable she should love him, it was impossible he could love her.

Thus matters stood, and it became more decidedly in his favor.

As some faint hope of gaining her and became apparent, Katherine's earnestness in its pursuit became intense.

The proposition—that he should love her—absorbed her to such a degree that she began to forget there was another.

That she should not love him.

It was not that she for a moment entertained its converse.

It was simply that the first, occupying all her mind, excluded any other.

He smiled coldly to himself as he noted her growing earnestness.

He knew full well the advantage it would give him.

She lost her temper, and grew indignant at the sarcastic speeches which were all she could now extract from him.

She knew well how to return them with interest a hundredfold, but this did not comfort her.

She tried another tack, and was hurt at the unaltered coldness with which sunniest smiles and prettiest speeches were received.

And, through it all, she became more and more intent on his entire subjugation.

What further thing could she do which would provoke his interest?

Just at that time came, ready to her hand as it were, the opportunity she had so much coveted of making a splendid marriage.

The young head of a noble house, in every way worthy of his high position, chanced to come on a visit into the neighborhood, and, attracted by her great beauty, fell madly in love with her.

It was the chance she had so long sought, but now that she had it she felt strangely reluctant to make use of it.

She did not understand her feelings of hesitation.

With vehement, angry, inward protest she tried to behave as if they had no existence.

The young nobleman's overtures were graciously received.

Between her cousin and herself the barrier grew greater than before.

People began to talk of their engagement as a probable thing.

Her father, whose ideas on the subject of her marriage coincided with her own, looked on with approving interest.

And deeper and deeper grew his daughter's dissatisfaction, a mystery to herself, with the whole state of affairs.

In vain she reasoned with herself.

Was not the longed-for prize within her reach?

Should she not be content? What more could she desire?

Could she not in this great success forget her paltry failure in subduing Charles Durrant's heart a second time?

Why did it trouble her so much that he obstinately refused to fall into the snare again.

By such arguments as these she tried to overcome that strange reluctance, and utterly failed—she knew the secret of it at length.

One evening, in the great drawing-room, where Margaret Lindsay, in after years, played night by night, when every one was lounging in the soft June twilight on the terrace without, as her voice faltered with the last note of a song she had sung to him years ago, her cousin, standing by, stooped suddenly over her, murmuring a word of tenderness.

And, as she heard it, the proud beauty trembled from head to foot, and, blushing like a village maiden, lifted her magnificent eyes to his, full of hot, wistful tears.

She was not as clear-sighted as of yore.

She did not see it was but the ghost, the simulated form, of his dead love that looked out of his blue eyes in return.

But as far as she herself was concerned a lightning flash of conviction swept away all manner of doubt about the pain which had lately oppressed her mind.

As her noble lover entered through one of the open windows and she went to meet him with the graceful, stately walk that the flatterers declared to be the very poetry of motion, she knew, and hated herself for the knowledge, that she loved Charles Durrant.

It was a knowledge that came too late to allow her any chance of breaking the fetters with which he he had bound her.

Day by day at first indeed, she struggled with her fierce love, but from the beginning the struggle was hopeless.

For day by day, in the covert, hidden fashion, he made love to her, and gradually all thought and wish of resisting the infatuation that engrossed her, died away.

No hope or wish was too dear to be sacrificed for him.

The dreams of power and pride she had cherished from her girlhood she was content to lay at his feet.

Her manner to Lord Maltby completely changed.

Instead of the proudly calm and gracious beauty, all fire and intellect, who had taken him by storm, he found a capricious, self-willed woman, strangely rude and impossible to please.

The neighborhood, not at all dissatisfied that the common doom should be meted out also to him, whispered that Miss Durrant meant to throw the Earl over as well and sagely predicted that, in spite of all her advantages, her temper would eventually condemn her to a maiden life.

Her father, first astonished, then angry, remonstrated with—ay, even threatened—his idolized darling, for the first time in her life.

Not for loving Charles—of such a thing he never dreamt; of such depth of folly her own confession could scarcely have made him believe her capable—but for throwing away so splendid a match as that with Lord Maltby from sheer caprice.

He might as well have reasoned with the wind, have sought to bend a stone.

From the depths of her cold, haughty nature, so far colder and haughtier than his own, she gave him back threat for threat, defiance for defiance.

She told him she would marry when and where she pleased—that, rather than be coerced in such a matter, she would run away with her groom!

She had no such lack of suitors that she was forced to take the first pedantic youth who offered himself simply because he could make her a countess.

It was an unjust imputation on Lord Maltby; it made her father furious at her blind folly, but he could in no way countervail it.

She would not abate one iota of the haughtiness of her demeanor to the young Earl.

She sought fresh modes of showing it in her outrageous rudeness.

Deeply as he was in love with her, he was not yet dead to the pride of rank and a just sense of his own worthiness.

His pride took fire at the repeated insults of a saucy girl.

He began to think the woman who could act thus was not the woman for his wife.

Mr. Durrant saw into his mind, and, once more warning his daughter, grew furiously wroth.

Katherine cared nothing for his anger.

She opposed the obstinacy of her stony nature to all save one.

His slightest wish was obeyed unmurmuringly, blindly, never looking before her never reasoning on what he said.

It was enough that he loved her.

Had he not told her so, one evening among the summer roses on the river-terrace, though, for her own sake, he counselled her to hide it for awhile from her father?

All his wealth was at his own disposal; he could bestow it as he choose.

It would not do to drive him into doing anything rash.

Her lover would never so harm her as to let her become a beggar for his sake.

They must be silent till Mr. Durrant had a little got over his anger about Lord Maltby.

So he told her in the golden twilight, and she believed him—so easily does love give credence to the beloved—looking so beautiful the while with her flushed crimson cheeks and dewy eyes that he might have relented in his purpose had his heart been one whit less firm and vengeful, had his knowledge of her been a little less accurate and vivid.

He was not constantly at Upton either at this time or during the next few months.

The duties of his regiment kept him much away, he told her.

Even if they had done so, he must not be there too often, lest he should excite suspicion.

She tried to second him as best she could flirting outrageously with this man or with that, throwing herself with more abandon than ever into the whirlpool of dissipation, taking leave of Lord Maltby without a pang of regret when, awakened into disgust, he withdrew from her society.

Could the eyes of her beholders have been opened to the true state of things, the most compassionate might have found it pitiful to watch her blind eagerness, the most thoughtful have pondered deeply on the weakness of the most determined human will when opposed to the decrees of what some deem fate.

But to all others it would have seemed simply righteous retribution that what she had inflicted on so many should have overtaken her at last.

For love—love, which she had despised and mocked, whose paltry fetters she had vowed should never subdue her spirit or chain her mind—love had arisen in his smiling might.

Lo, she lay enthralled!

None knew it, so blind were they, and so well she played her part.

Now the image of Charles Durrant was forever present with her.

All she did or said was governed by the thought of him.

She was throwing away her great prospects for his sake.

She knew it, and it did not grieve her the least.

With a passionate devotion she bowed before her idol.

To others she was more trying and wayward than before.

But from her he suffered nothing.

And had he altered?

Did he love her—the proud, passionate, wayward beauty, who would have died for him?

Love her?

The feeling he bore his dogs and horses was tenderness itself compared with that he entertained for her.

He knew in his own soul that he could never truly love any woman again.

And he knew moreover that, far from cherishing any negative feeling, he hated her whom he had once adored.

There was no triumph for him like the triumph of humbling her.

He had laughed within himself with cruel glee as he watched her first blush and smile and the same grim satisfaction never failed as he received one token after another of her blind devotion.

He was preparing for her such a depth of bitter humiliation as should well avenge his own.

CHAPTER XV

SMOOTHLY as the waters run when they near the cataract; the late summer and early autumn of that year apparently passed away.

It had been a peculiarly fine season so far.

And, as if answering to the exceptional brightness of the weather, Upton Court was gayer than ever, the constant scene of new festivities, the meet-place of throngs of visitors.

Sitting one day in easy talk with one of these, Katherine heard her say—

"I hear your cousin is among Miss Grey's admirers."

And she had answered carelessly, suppressing the first throb of a new pain—

"If you mean Captain Durrant, I have no doubt of it.

"He appears to be among every one's admirers."

They laughed.

"True enough," she replied; "though I suppose no one but his cousin would have dared to say as much in this house.

"But, really, I thought there was more of earnestness in this than usual."

Then the conversation drifted away from the subject in its idle course.

And Katherine, intensely interested in Charles as she was, did not pay much attention to the report.

She knew well enough what manner of man her cousin was.

She would have been the least surprised to hear the same of him concerning all the ladies in London, collectively and individually.

Nevertheless she should be glad when their engagement was announced.

She fancied her father was beginning to forget his anger about Lord Maltby.

She would speak to Charles about it the next time he came.

She did so, and he, agreeing as to Mr. Durrant's state of mind, still advised the caution of a little further delay.

In her blind confidence in him she yielded without another word.

And the conversation passed from her mind—passed from her mind till one morning in October, when its memory was rudely awakened.

The numerous guests at Upton had just risen from breakfast when the letters were brought in.

Among those handed to the lady of the house was one at which her dark eyes flashed with pleasure.

"A letter from Charles," she said, with feigned carelessness, to her father as she ran through its contents.

"He will be here the day after to-morrow for a couple of nights, on his way from Scotland to Windsor."

As if by accident, the unconscious paper touched her perfect lips ere she laid it carefully aside to begin the cursory inspection of the rest of her correspondence.

As she did this a gentleman approached her, then, seeing her employment, hesitated to speak.

Her quick ear caught the movement—her quick brain divined its meaning.

She looked up in high good-humor.

"If you will excuse me for ten minutes, Mr. Verney," she said, with radiant eyes—

"I will then fulfil my promise of yesterday and take you to see my horse."

She turned away with her heap of letters and left the room.

Mr. Verney, her latest favorite, solaced himself with the morning paper and waited patiently.

Ten minutes, a quarter, half, nay a whole hour, passed away.

He consulted his watch in perplexity, and waited again.

He might wait all day if he chose, but not under Katherine's guidance would he see the interior of her father's stables that morning.

She carried her letters into her own sitting-room, threw herself into a chair and read them one by one, kissing many times, meanwhile, the precious words which told her she was so soon to see her lover.

All at once she started and turned pale, dropping the paper she held on her lap.

Then, snatching it up again she read, with wide-open, staring eyes, that which so distressed her.

It was from a lady—a mutual cousin.

This was the passage that stirred her a little

"Have you heard that Charles is engaged to be married?

"I have been told so, and that the lady is Miss Grey.

"I think he is very fortunate.

"They have Sir Thomm's full consent, only she is so very young that he does not wish it talked about much at present.

"I do not exactly understand the affair, but my authority is good.

"He was always such a preux chevalier of yours that I have no doubt, with the help of this, you will be able to get the truth out of him.

"If you do, mind you let me know it."

Instantly there flashed back on her mind the corroborative remembrance of that talk in the summer.

The bright outside world grew suddenly dark around her, just as, years later, it was to darken round Margaret.

The same pain seized and tore at her heart.

She sat pale and rigid, faint with the blow that had fallen upon her.

Then, as the first flush of agony wore itself out, there came a revulsion of feeling.

It was some mistake, some slander.

It must be capable of explanation.

He could not be false to her.

Even as she said so to herself, with vehement emphasis, her whole soul shivered at the thought of the contrary.

Of course he loved her!

Had he not told her so?

But if he did not love her, why, then she might as well die.

She started up, and paced up and down her room till sheer fatigue forced her into some sort of calm.

Then another idea seized her, and she dashed off a hasty note to him, motioning the news she had received, and calling upon him indignantly to deny it.

And when she had finished it and folded it up, she suddenly remembered that she knew not whither to address it—that, even had she done so, he would be with her long before she could receive an answer.

She could hear nothing—could receive no alleviation of this doubt and suspense for two whole days.

What an age it seemed to her—how hateful the thought of everything and everyone around her!

Wearily, in alternations of assured confidence that Charles would explain everything and in agonized misgivings that he would explain nothing, the time passed till the arrival of the luncheon-hour forced her to face her guests.

They thought she was looking rather pale.

Mr. Verney, who tried to rally her playfully on her forgetfulness to keep her appointment with him, received a short, sharp answer which speedily reduced him to silence.

Otherwise, so well did she command herself, they noticed nothing.

She drove her principal lady guest, a nervous old woman, out that afternoon.

Her ponies were white with foam, and the old lady half-dead with terror, when they returned.

She had driven them like the wind.

In the tumult of her mind, swaying between hope and fear, swift motion was a relief—the only relief to her.

It mattered little to her at what cost of pain to other creatures it was procured.

Again, with stern self-command, she forced herself through the dreary routine of the evening.

But she was so cold and wrathful that people began to say to each other that they thought she was not well.

There was a further trial in store for her the next day.

After a night of sleepless mental torture she had to endure hearing her father say—

"Sir Henry Martin tells me, Katherine, that little Miss Grey is very much admired."

"I must say I don't know what people see to admire in her," she answered scornfully.

"A little, sickly, expressionless thing!" she added, with vehement disdain.

"My dear Katherine, you should moderate yourself," said Mr. Durrant, with a sense that the constant disparagement of her own sex in which she indulged was not becoming.

"There may be another opinion besides your own.

"For instance, Charles, Sir Henry says, appears to admire her very much.

"He hints we are not to be surprised if we hear of something in that quarter."

She started, stung to the quick.

Again the same torturing rumor!

Still crediting, false though she was herself, no falsehood in him.

All that day she went about dreaming.

But oh, the more loneliness of the wakeful night in which, while the hours struck slowly towards the dawn, her mind, instead of seeking to overcome itself, sought only some means of revenge, and, finding none, yet vowed the more that revenge should be, even if it cost her name and fame, and life itself—the life that he had made desolate.

Never once came there a self-accusing thought of the ruin she herself had wrought in his life and those of others.

There was no pity but self-pity—no anger save against those who had harmed her, knowingly or in ignorance.

So went by the last hours of her probation, the last in which a choice was given to her between losing herself, as the sublime Book has it, or losing all that makes life precious.

And she chose the latter—blind, deaf, insensible to all but her suffering and her thirst for vengeance.

Pale, but immovable, a subdued fierceness showing itself under every word and gesture, Katherine Durrant came down the following morning.

People, regarding her, shook their heads and whispered to each other how ill she was looking.

The foreboding of that future cloud of gloom was already on her.

But she still maintained her old imperious ness.

Her love and pride were wounded to the quick.

They were not yet broken.

Calmly, amidst the other guests, she met her traitor lover.

She gave him the semblance of a greeting.

She endured the long breakfast.

For in her mind there was a fixed resolve and resolve of any sort was preferable to the storm-tossed uncertainties of the last few days.

She had determined to force him to an interview, to compel him to confess or deny the truth of his engagement to Miss Grey.

What was to come next, supposing he did the first, she did not rightly know.

All the morning she watched for an opportunity of getting him alone, but in vain.

He seemed to divine her wish and to be bent on baffling it.

Circumstances were on his side, one after the other, so that he succeeded.

The luncheon hour therefore arrived without time or place having been vouchsafed to her in which to say a word.

The contradiction, involuntary and intangible as it appeared, had made her fierce mood fiercer.

She sat down to table fuming and fretting within herself, and outwardly so rude and cold that not even her father could find excuse in his heart for her.

She relieved her guests of her presence as soon as possible.

The relief was mutual.

There was to be a large riding-party that afternoon—its destination some beautiful old ruins, one of the principal attractions of the district.

Charles Durrant was not to be of the number.

He declared a preference for the pheasants—a thing in itself enough to awaken her suspicions—and some other gentlemen accompanied him.

Still, there were nearly a dozen ladies and gentlemen chatting gaily in the hall, with merry laughter, when Katherine Durrant, at the appointed hour, ran lightly down the great staircase in her habit for the last time.

Of all her many dresses this, perhaps, became her best.

Doubtless, on this account, she had chosen that in her attire, her proud, lovely face should look down from the walls of the Royal Academy on the admiring crowds below only the previous year.

It did not fail to set off that exquisite beauty as exquisitely this afternoon. Once more her father with admiration gazed on his fair idol, forgiving her in his heart at that hour even for her rejection of Lord Maltby.

Once more half-a-dozen voices prayed for the honor of assisting her to mount, even though they knew how cold and proud would be the voice that granted or denied their prayer.

Once more as the flush of gratified vanity sprang into her face at their evident adoration, she pondered in herself whether she could not after all forego Charles Durrant; and had almost made answer, "Yes!" till the recollection of his bride-elect changed the glow of pride into that of anger, and sent her down the steps to meet the horses in all the concentrated strength of an unshaken resolve.

As she stood aside to allow precedence to some lady guests there arose a slight confusion among the group of waiting animals, and her father turned to her with grave surprise.

"My dear," he said, "what can you be thinking of to ride Stella to-day. Don't you know that she is getting positively vicious—that she has thrown her groom twice this week already?"

"I know it," she answered with indifference, casting a glance towards the spot where the beautiful bay stood, fretting in very impatience.

"And I knew it equally when I ordered her half-an-hour ago."

"Yes, miss; and she has not been exercised half enough for you this morning," put in the old coachman, who had taught her to ride in her childhood, with an anxious face.

She cut him very short in her haughty manner.

"It is no concern of yours, whatever, Stephens."

"I wish you would not be so rash, Katherine," urged Mr. Durrant; "you will repent it some day."

She drew up her proud young head as she answered—

"I have never seen the horse yet that I could not manage.

"Stella and I understand each other perfectly.

"But to please you——

"Here!"

Without finishing her sentence she handed the slender jewelled riding-switch she carried to a footman, with a few words of direction.

He disappeared, and, after a short interval, returned with a stout, heavy whip of masculine appearance, mounted plainly enough in massive silver.

"Stella knows this whip well," she said to her father, as she shook it, with an odd smile; "and, I believe, rather declines further acquaintance with it when reminded of the fact.

"Now I am ready!"

But the horse was in such a state of nervous excitement when led up, that the gentleman to whom she had accorded the privilege of helping her to mount was obliged to yield his place to Stephens. No stranger would Stella allow near her that day.

"Be careful, Katherine," was her father's last entreaty, as she gathered up her reins.

She replied only by an impatient toss of her head.

Then they rode away—a perfectly appointed cavalcade, such as England alone perhaps can show—splendid horses, graceful women, stately men; cheerful, all of them, and merry, as befits those possessing golden youth with leisure, ease and wealth. The air was filled with the sound of joyous talk and laughter as they cantered through the bowery lanes.

It was one of those delightful days which October sometimes brings.

During the previous week there had been much rain, now the still air was filled with mellow sunshine, lighting up the gold and russet and rich deep green of the autumnal trees, and smiling softly on the widowed fields in their quiet dress of yellow stubble or deep after-grass.

It should surely have been a time of almost perfect enjoyment to all that party. And yet in their midst there moved an element so strongly discordant with that quiet beauty that none of them could fail to notice and be moved by it.

It need hardly be said that Katherine was the element in question.

The peace, the tameness, of all around were unendurable to her present state of fierce though repressed excitement.

It was for this reason that she had ordered the almost unmanageable mare; it was for this cause that, shortly after they had started, she proposed that the company should go across country to the aim of their expedition—"those who were afraid," she added disdainfully, "keeping to the high road."

Her suggestions had always somewhat of command about them.

It might have been on this account that a couple of the ladies and a majority of the gentlemen acceded to her wish, and so, putting Stella at the nearest hedge, she led the way.

A fearless leader she made truly; no bank was too steep, no ditch too wide, no hedge too high.

Her feminine companions soon found for themselves an easier road, and some of the men were glad enough of the pretence of escort duty to excuse themselves also from hazarding such risks.

These left held back frequently, and often went round to convenient gaps.

Once or twice even the fiery mare object-

ed to the exertion she was expected to make, and did her best instead to rid herself of her rider.

She might as well have tried to rid herself of the wind.

With perfect horsemanship with merciless severity, that slight and graceful rider not only kept her seat, but compelled her to take every obstacle in the way.

Such remonstrance as they dared to make was offered by the attendant cavaliers, but it was received with perfect disregard, and there was something in her face and manner which subdued them to silence one by one.

She was lowering, fierce, and sullen.

Never to their dying day did some of those men forget how her features lighted now and then as with gleams of volcanic light.

So, having been on the verge of danger a dozen times and yet come out unscathed, the thoroughbred paused beside the ruin they went to see.

So, with drooping head and heavy flanks, she stopped again at the door of Upton Court on her return.

The homeward ride had been one wild race, during which Katherine had thrown the conventionalities of civilized life, the semblance of a desire to keep with her companions, completely to the winds.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

May Loxdale's Party.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"IT snows faster than ever, mamma; I am sure no one will come," said May Loxdale, from the window where she was standing behind the red damask curtains, with her pretty face pressed close against the glass.

"And it will be such a pity, when we have taken so much pains to prepare for them."

Mrs. Loxdale, comfortably ensconced in an arm-chair before a glowing fire, looked up from her book to say, sympathetically:

"I hope you won't be disappointed, my love.

"I am really afraid, from what Cox told me just now, that the roads are almost impassable."

"Cox is such a Job's comforter," sighed May.

"I don't believe it is so bad as all that.

"It has only been snowing since yesterday morning."

"Only!" observed Mrs. Loxdale, parenthetically.

"I am sure that isn't long enough to block up a wide road like Ashfield, mamma," May went on.

"The Mortimers have a sledge."

"But Captain Mortimer does not like his horses taken out when there is any risk of their falling or catching cold, you know. Mrs. Mortimer always says he is more anxious about them than he is about her or the girls."

"Yes, only he promised to let them come."

"And meant to do so, no doubt, if the weather had been at all decent.

"It seems to me it is about as bad as it can be to-night."

The tears rose fast into May's April eyes, and to hide them from her mother she turned to the window again, and pretended to be watching the snowflakes as they rustled softly against the glass in falling.

And it was not surprising that poor May felt this disappointment keenly.

Mrs. Loxdale, the widow of a major in the army, was by no means rich, and this party was the one great festivity of the year—looked forward to for months, and back upon with pleasure for about an equal period.

Then all due preparations had been made for the entertainment of the expected guests—Mrs. Loxdale doing things well when she did them at all.

The drawing-room had been cleared out for dancing, and May herself had decorated it.

The elders were to play whist in Mrs. Loxdale's pretty little morning-room.

The old oak hall, with its bright fire of logs would make a pleasant lounging-place between the dances.

The supper had been laid a good half-hour ago, under May's superintendence, and she and her mother were both ready dressed, waiting for the guests, who did not come.

May stepped out at last from the shadow of the heavy red curtains, and went towards the fire.

She was a pretty girl, with sleek dark hair, a soft pink complexion, and lovely brown eyes.

Her mouth was a little too large, perhaps for fashion-book beauty, but the lips were richly tinted, and the frequent smile showed a double row of teeth as white and even as pearls.

Her white dress, if simple, fitted her to perfection.

And for sole ornament she wore a row of pearls round her slender throat, and a bunch of snowdrops and maidenhair-fern amongst her dark, glossy braids.

Mrs. Loxdale, in black satin and old lace, looked handsome and stately, but gentle withal.

And being so like her daughter, was an encouraging sight to any man who fell in love with May.

She put her book aside as the girl approached, and said, kindly:

"You know the supper will keep in this weather, May, so that our party need not be put off for good, if the weather clears at all."

"I am very sorry it should have happened as it has, because I cannot bear you to be disappointed.

"But, of course, no one can help the weather."

"I know that," answered May, sighing; "but it is very unfortunate, mamma, for the Mortimers were to have brought Captain Ambrose with them——"

Mrs. Loxdale looked up quickly.

"Why do you want particularly to see Captain Ambrose, child?"

May blushed brightly.

"Because he is a Victoria Cross man, and went into the very jaws of death to rescue a poor soldier, who did not even belong to his own regiment.

"Perhaps it is because I am timid myself.

"But I do so heartily admire brave men."

"Most men are physically brave, I think," observed Mrs. Loxdale quietly.

"Perhaps it is quite as well you should not see Captain Ambrose, for if he did not look like a hero I fancy you would be grievously disappointed."

"Well, if he were ugly and common-looking, and had an unheroic pug-nose, I am afraid I should.

"I don't care about what is called handsome men.

"They are always so conceited!"

Mrs. Loxdale could not help smiling.

May's experience of men had been so very limited, it was amusing to hear her give any opinion on the subject.

"They get spoilt sometimes, I daresay; but the most conceited man I ever knew was not handsome by any means."

"He thought himself so, I suppose?"

"Undoubtedly.

"Hark, May, what is that?"

The girl flushed up to her brows.

"Oh! mamma, it is somebody coming after all!

"I hear steps!" she cried, excitedly, and darted to the door.

"Stop, May!" her mother said.

"Mary will let them in!"

"But I want so badly to know who have come, mamma!

"Mayn't I just take a little peep?"

"Nay, my dear.

"If you can't possibly wait, go out boldly to meet them.

"Peeping is ignoble!" returned Mrs. Loxdale, laughing, as May's white skirts disappeared.

The girl was gone about a minute, and came back with a very grave face.

"I wish you would come out, mamma!" she said.

"It is a little child, and we can't understand what he says!

"I am afraid he means that someone has fallen into the snow.

"And if so, it is unfortunate that he should have come to a houseful of helpless women for succour!"

The child was standing before the hall-fire warming his frozen fingers, the snow dripping off him as he stood.

He spoke very far from plainly.

Mrs. Loxdale managed to make out that his mother had fallen into a "drift" and a gentleman had picked her out.

His mother was all right, as they understood, but the gentleman was lying in the road—dead!

The little lad repeated the word "dead" mournfully, and with a catch in his breath like a dry sob.

"Where is your mother?" inquired Mrs. Loxdale, speaking very gently not to scare him.

Losing some of his timidity, he answered more distinctly now—that his mother was with the gentleman.

And seeing the light in their window, had bade him run to the house as quickly as possible for help.

Mrs. Loxdale glanced at her satin gown and then at her daughter.

"Could anything be more unfortunate?" she said.

"I am not fit to go!"

"I shouldn't allow you to go if you were fit!" answered May, with loving imperiousness, as she began to gather up her white skirts.

"Mary, help me on with my ulster, and then go and tell cook to get ready.

"We shall neither of us come to any harm if we wrap up, and we can't leave the poor man to die so close to our door!"

"But your satin slippers?" Mrs. Loxdale said.

"Can easily be exchanged for a pair of snowshoes, mamma.

"I wish I was not likely to encounter any greater difficulty than that.

"The question that really troubles me is how to get the poor man here."

"You must get a couple of men from the village, my love; and oh!

"May, be careful, I beseech you!

"You are all I have in the world, and why should you risk your life for a stranger?"

"I am not going to risk my life if I can help it," she answered cheerily from the door, where she was standing, with the snow blowing in upon her.

"The road is quite clear as far as the village, you know, and we shall be back soon."

Mrs. Loxdale looked after her wistfully—a brave, bright face it was, she thought—with a charm above its prettiness—the honest soul shining through the clear eyes—and then remembering the part left her to fulfil, she went to the kitchen to see if there were hot water ready, that the frozen stranger might have every chance of life—if life were not already gone.

Meanwhile May walked on bravely, with the wind in her teeth, until she came near the spot which the little boy had indicated, when a figure in a dark cloak, which had been crouching on the ground, suddenly sprang to its feet, and darted eagerly towards her.

"Oh! save him, lady, save him!" she cried out, passionately.

"It's all through me he lies there, and I can do no good."

"What is the matter with him?" inquired May, as she bent over the motionless figure.

"Is it the cold?"

"I don't know, miss.

"I only know that me and the boy had fallen into a snowdrift, and that I was just falling asleep, to wake no more in this world, when I heard a voice, telling me to rouse myself or I was a dead woman, and presently I found myself in the road—safe and sound—with the child in my lap."

"Could he have hurt himself, do you think?"

"I am afraid it must be that, miss; unless the cold seized him suddenly.

"If we could only get him into a house, perhaps he might recover.

"Lying here in the snow takes away all his chance of life."

"Do you know where the village is?"

"Yes, miss."

"Then go and fetch help whilst we watch.

"The walk will be good for you, and standing won't hurt us for awhile, as we are quite warm."

The woman did not wait for a second order, but was gone in a moment, her dark figure looking like a moving blot on the white road as she sped along.

Then May for the first time examined the face of the unfortunate man at her feet, and found that he was young, handsome, and evidently a gentleman.

These discoveries did not lessen her interest in the stranger assuredly.

The same time that they in no way influenced her conduct or increased her eagerness to be of service.

May had a very tender heart, and sorrow or suffering touched her deeply.

The unconscious face, turned up to the dim gray sky, looked so pathetic in its white calm!

She could not help crying softly, as she wondered if he had a mother to grieve for him if he never woke again.

And whether he were a good man who had gone to his rest without fear!

He was brave at any rate, since he had been so ready to risk his life for a stranger.

He must be something more than that to be happy now she knew, and so she prayed softly within herself that he might be spared, as she knelt down beside him and began to chafe his cold hands.

It was but a short time, though it seemed an hour to May, before the woman returned with two of the villagers, and she heaved a deep sigh of relief as they lifted the unconscious figure, and began to move towards the house.

The poor woman held back, but May knew what her mother would wish, and said gently:

"You had better come too; you are not fit to go any farther to-night."

"Thank you, miss," she answered, simply but gratefully.

"I am not so very tired myself, but the child is."

May had forgotten the boy, so had everyone.

As they preceded the men into the hall she saw the little fellow lying curled up in front of the hall-fire, sleeping soundly, and pointed him out to his mother with a smile.

Mrs. Loxdale had made the best use of the interval between May's departure and return, and the guest-chamber was all ready for its lifeless occupant when he arrived, so that the villagers were able to carry him straight there and lay him down on the bed.

Mrs. Loxdale was a real soldier's wife—prompt, energetic, and fearless.

She felt the pulse, and then the heart; then she looked into May's anxious face, and said:

"He is not dead, my love.

"You had better send one of the men directly for Dr. Staines, and then let them have some supper, and the poor woman also.

"Tell cook, too, to see about a bed for the latter and her little boy.

"We could not possibly turn them out to-night."

"And then may I come back, mamma?" inquired May, who had been conscious of a strange little thrill when her mother spoke of their guest as still alive.

"Certainly, my love, if you wish—that is to say, until Dr. Staines arrives."

And so it came to pass that when the young man opened his eyes ten minutes later he fancied he must be dreaming of paradise, when he saw a beautiful white-robed figure leaning over him, whilst a pair of soft, compassionate eyes looked into his.

"Are you better now?" said a voice that was like the sweetest music to his confused mind, and she bent so close that the balmy breath fanned his cheek. "I am afraid you are hurt."

His hand went involuntarily to his head.

"Don't make him talk," put in Mrs. Loxdale.

"I can see now what is the matter; he has fallen and hurt his head.

"My dear May, you had better go downstairs.

"The only thing for him is perfect quiet, I am sure."

She had been chafing the young man's hands, and was still holding one of them, although scarcely conscious of the fact, when he came back to himself.

At Mrs. Loxdale's suggestion that she should leave, his limp hold on her fingers became suddenly a tight clasp.

He looked at her with such imploring eyes, she colored to her very brows as she answered her mother:

"I will be quiet, mamma, and not make him talk if you think it wrong.

"I had better stay until Dr. Staines comes, in case he should want anything, hadn't I?"

Mrs. Loxdale glanced at her a little suspiciously, it was so unlike May to dispute any order of hers, but made no further remark.

They watched together for the next hour, during which the young man slept a strange restless sort of sleep, with fitful lapses of utter unconsciousness between.

Presently May stole on tiptoe to the door to say that the messenger had returned, and Dr. Staines had been sent for to a very critical case four miles from Burywell, and was not expected home before morning.

However, he had left the message with Mrs. Staines, and they had promised to send him directly he returned.

As Dr. Staines was the only doctor within miles, there was nothing to do but to wait with such patience as they could muster until he was able to come to them, and to trust that the delay might not injure their patient.

Fortunately he did not seem to suffer; and as the hours wore away they fancied him better rather than worse, for he asked for something to drink quite distinctly now, and thanked Mrs. Loxdale when she held the glass to his lips.

Still, it was a terrible and anxious night.

When the tardy dawn at last broke, it would have been difficult to say which was the palest of the three faces in the sick-room—they all looked so white.

"You really ought to lie down, child!" Mrs. Loxdale had said two or three times, but not very firmly, for it was a comfort to have the girl with her, and she knew quite well she would not sleep if she went to bed.

The sun was just rising above the snow-capped hills and crowning their hoary heads with a golden circlet, when there came at last Dr. Staines' welcome step on the stairs, and Mrs. Loxdale rose, with a sigh of intense relief, to welcome her.

May passed him at the door on her way out with a quiet "Good morning," and went downstairs.

She was too agitated and excited to keep still, and busied herself in preparing breakfast, whilst she listened anxiously for every sound in the room above.

It was quite an hour before Dr. Staines came to ask her for a cup of coffee, and then May thought he looked very grave.

"He has evidently fallen and injured his head," he said, in answer to her inquiries; "but how much I can't at present determine."

"Do people ever quite recover from that sort of thing, Dr. Staines?"

"Very often, Miss May."

Then he looked at her over his spectacles, and asked if she knew the gentleman upstairs?

"Oh! no," answered May, with her ready blush.

"I never saw him until last night.

"But everyone must feel sorry for him, because he hurt himself in saving a poor woman's life."

"That alters the case a little; but where is the poor woman?"

"In the kitchen.

"Why?"

"I might find out from her how the accident occurred.

"The poor fellow himself can tell me nothing."

"Neither can she, I am afraid.

"She says she was scarcely conscious when he found her, and only remembers that she had fallen into a snowdrift, and was cuddling her child against her bosom to keep it warm, when she was seized with an overpowering sense of drowsiness, and would have died assuredly in that sleep if he had not rescued her."

"That is a brave fellow, Miss May, and we must save him if we can," said Dr. Staines, cheerfully.

"But what about your Christmas party?"

"Oh!" she answered, cheerfully, "I had the poor woman who was saved and her little boy, two of the villagers, and the gentleman upstairs.

"It was not such a large party as last year, but I think, perhaps, it was a better one on the whole."

Again Dr. Staines looked at her over his spectacles, and this time his eyes were very soft.

"Then no one else came?" he said.

"Not a creature.

"They couldn't, you know, the roads were in such a state.

"I have just had a letter from Adela Mortimer, and she says they did not give the hope of coming until the last moment; but her father thought it was a foolish risk to run, as they might not be able to get home again."

"I doubt even if they would have got here—I had to walk.

"It seems a pity you should have been disappointed too of your Christmas party, Miss May."

"I am not really disappointed now, Dr. Staines," she answered, with a smile.

"Having other things to think of, has driven it quite out of my mind.

"Last night I felt it dreadfully just for a little while, I must confess, but I forgot all

about the party directly I heard of the accident, of course."

"Of course!

"Why of course?" said Dr. Staines.

"There are some people who never forget themselves, or their own pleasure, you know."

"Are there?

"I'm glad I don't know any of those people.

"But, Dr. Staines" (coaxingly), "I may help mamma nurse, mayn't I?"

"I have no objection, my dear, if she hasn't.

"I'll be sworn the fellow is a gentleman."

"And if he weren't a gentleman it wouldn't surely matter?"

"Well, it might," he answered, with a saucy sort of significance, which brought the color into May's face. "One can never tell what may happen."

"You mean he might steal the silver spoons?" observed May, demurely.

"Or something else of far more consequence."

"He doesn't look like that sort of man, Dr. Staines!"

"Excuse me, I think he looks very like that sort of a man."

"How can you be so unkind?

"I think he looks very nice."

"That's just it—May, May, he looks too nice."

She tossed her pretty head indignantly.

"Nobody can be too nice."

"Oh! can't they?" he said, and went off into fits of laughter, only that she knew Dr. Staines was of an anxious temperament naturally, and thought his cheerfulness was a sign that his new patient's case did not weigh too much on his mind.

He paid another visit to the sick-room, and then left, promising to come again in the afternoon.

By this time the young man had rallied wonderfully, and Dr. Staines began evidently to take a very hopeful view of his case.

"If he is kept quiet, I shouldn't wonder if he were all right in a couple of weeks," he said to Mrs. Loxdale, as he took leave of her on the landing.

"Unless you send for me I shall not come again until to-morrow morning."

"You know best, Dr. Staines; if you are not anxious, I have no need to be."

"I am not the least anxious now.

"He has evidently a magnificent constitution, and with such nursing as he will have here, will soon pull through and get on his legs again.

"Only don't tire yourselves too much, you and Miss May."

"I think you may trust us to take care of ourselves," answered Mrs. Loxdale, and went back to her post, smiling.

As their guest advanced towards convalescence Mrs. Loxdale kept May more and more out of the sick-room, until at last she was only allowed to be there when the young man was asleep.

He found this out, and took to sleeping a good deal—with one eye open.

May, with her work, would sit demurely at the bottom of the bed, stitching away as if her life depended on her speed, whilst the young man would watch her admiringly.

Now and then she would glance his way, and then his eyes were hermetically sealed, of course, and he would not dare to continue his observations until he heard the click of her needle again.

But once she looked up so suddenly, he was fairly caught, and being like the schoolboy who was taken unawares and hadn't an excuse ready, he looked at her half bashfully, half imploringly, as if to make his eyes do duty for his tongue.

May had half risen, but it was not in her nature to be unkind; and then she wanted to stay herself, so she sat down again, and stitched away in her embarrassment harder than before.

There was a long silence, and May was just hoping he had gone to sleep again, when he said, softly—

"Why don't you sometimes wear the white dress you had on the first night I came?"

"That was a pretty dress," she answered, glancing up from her work to smile and blush.

"You were just going to a party, then?"

"No.

"We were going to have one at home, only nobody came."

"How was that?"

"The roads were impassable in some places, and very bad everywhere.

"People were afraid to venture out."

"You must have been dreadfully disappointed?"

"Yes, I was disappointed, of course.

"We don't have much gaiety at Burywell."

"And you are very fond of gaiety naturally?"

"I don't know what you mean by being very fond of gaiety.

"I shouldn't like to be always going to balls and parties."

"Are you quite sure?" he asked, with as much eagerness as if the question concerned him intimately, which of course it could not.

"Certainly, I am quite sure!

"You must think me very frivolous if you suppose I should like to spend all my life amusing myself!"

"I don't think you the least frivolous.

"I should be the most ungrateful wretch in Christendom if I did; but you are so young——"

"I am nineteen," said May, simply.

"Isn't that very young?"

"I suppose so," she answered, thoughtfully.

"But I am older than that in character, because I have always been mamma's companion."

"I should think it was a great gain to anyone to be Mrs. Loxdale's companion."

At this praise of her mother May forgot her shyness in a moment, and turned right round to him with radiant face.

"It is indeed! I ought to be wonderfully good with such a mother, oughn't I?

"I do try, but I know I succeed very badly; only, perhaps, as I grow older——"

"You will see how different you are from other girls, and be more satisfied with yourself," he interposed.

"I wish you wouldn't flatter so ridiculously," said May, much disconcerted.

"I can assure you I was not fishing for compliments."

"I never thought you were."

"Then why did you pay me one?"

"I never meant it for a compliment.

"I was foolishly speaking out my own thoughts."

"Then you shouldn't think anything so untrue!" she answered, uncompromisingly. "Besides, what do you know of me?"

"I know that you are a very gentle nurse, that you have the temper of an angel, and the kindest heart in the world——"

May began to put up her work

"As you do not seem sleepy, I will go and fetch mamma," she said demurely.

"Oh, no—pray don't

"I am so awfully drowsy, I shall be going off again in a minute; and you won't mind if I talk in my sleep, shall you?"

"That depends upon what you say."

"I shouldn't be likely to dream compliments, should I?"

"You might, as you allow yourself to indulge in them when you are awake."

"Please put the verb in the last tense, for I am not allowing myself to do so now, and I am not going to allow myself to do so again; and, please, I want to hear about the party.

"Did it take place after all?"

"No.

"I had some people, but they were poor; and mamma and I agreed yesterday that after all we had given far more real pleasure than if our original programme had been carried out."

"Only that you missed your pleasure!"

"I missed the dancing, you mean.

"I had a good deal of pleasure in seeing the poor woman and her child so happy."

"By-the-by, what has become of her, Miss Loxdale?"

"Mamma found her a room in the village, and has put her in the way of supporting herself and her child.

"We are going to try and get upsubscriptions amongst our friends to buy her a mangle, and then she will do very well."

"How much does a mangle cost?"

"About seventy-five dollars."

"You must allow me to buy that.

"I meant to do something for her in any case, and am very glad of the suggestion."

"But you have already done so much for her since you saved her life!"

"But her life is no use to her unless she has food to support it, Miss Loxdale."

And then he turned the conversation quickly, evidently dreading her thanks, and went back to the subject of the party, which, for some unexplained reason, seemed to interest him vastly.

"Were you expecting many people?" he asked.

"About twenty—not more."

"All neighbors, I suppose?" curiously.

"Except one—and I must confess I was dreadfully disappointed at not seeing him."

"Why?"

"Because he is such a brave man."

"Are brave men so scarce, then?" asked the invalid, rather huskily.

"Men who are as brave as that."

"What had he done?"

May told the story—her cheeks flushing, her eyes shining, her sweet face all aglow—with enthusiasm.

"Now," she concluded, triumphantly, "should not you call that a hero?"

"Pshaw!

"Any officer in the British army would have done as much if he had thought of it. I expect Captain Ambrose acted from mere impulse.

"He couldn't have had time to reflect."

"Then I like him the better for having such impulses!" she answered excitedly.

"And you can't mean that he wouldn't have saved the man if he had reflected."

"No.

"I only meant that, if deliberately carried out, it would have been a truer test of courage.

"A sort of madness comes on a man in the din and carnage of battle, and he is lifted out of himself—scarcely realizes his own danger.

"Quiet heroism, such heroism as women show every day, is more in my line."

"How strange for one brave man to be jealous of another!" said May, indignantly.

"I should have thought you would have appreciated my hero too."

The sick man was silent, and looked exceedingly uncomfortable and red, which May took for a token that her arrow had gone home; and she added, with great asperity:

"For my part I think he is the bravest and best man I ever heard of; and I should only have been too proud if he had asked me to dance the other night."

"Poor fellow!" said the sick man, sympathetically.

"If he only knew what he had lost!"

"I thought you promised not to pay any more compliments?" she said, severely, and this time she put her work away into her box, bowed to him with a face as red as a rose, and vanished.

The invalid fell back upon his pillow then, and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks, thereby showing that May's severity had not wounded him much, unless he were one of those peculiar people who always laugh when they feel inclined to cry.

May had scarcely seated herself in the drawing-room before the bell rang, and Captain and Adela Mortimer were announced.

"We walked over to apologize for falling you the other night," Captain Mortimer said, "and also to ask after the invalid.

"We have been so shut up on account of the state of the roads! I hadn't an idea of Ambrose's accident until I happened to see the footman this morning."

"Whose accident?" inquired May, a sudden horrible feeling of the truth coming over her, and turning her sick and cold.

"Captain Ambrose!

"Do you mean to say you took him in without knowing who he was, or anything about him?"

"He needed help, and that was all we required to know," responded Mrs. Loxdale, quietly.

"The good Samaritan did not wait to be formally introduced to the poor man who fell amongst thieves before he succoured him."

"You did quite right, I know," answered Captain Mortimer; "only I am surprised you should not have found out who Ambrose was."

"There was no way of finding out, unless he volunteered the information.

"He was wearing a dress-suit at the time of the accident, with an ulster over it, and there was no letter or card in any of his pockets.

"I looked to see at first, meaning to write to his people if I could find out who they were; and since then he has been perfectly able to tell us anything he wishes us to know."

"He's a modest sort of fellow, and he got so mobbed when he first came home, I suppose he is glad to keep his name quiet now."

"We shouldn't have mobbed him," said May, with a sense of deep burning resentment at the mystification which had betrayed her into so many indiscreet admissions; "and I think he ought to have told us who he was?"

"Perhaps he fancied you knew."

"I don't see how he could have fancied that, for if we had known his name we should naturally have called him by it."

"Well, for my part, I respect him for holding his tongue, Miss May, and letting you entertain an angel unawares.

"There is so much swagger in the world, it is refreshing to come upon a fine fellow like that, who is as modest as he is brave."

May hung her head and was mute.

She could not forgive Captain Ambrose for having allowed her to speak of him as she had done, forgetting that it was very difficult for him to confess his identity after she had heaped so much unconscious praise upon him.

As soon as the Mortimers left, May ran and shut herself in her own room, and had a good cry: woman-like, she was mortified and angry, and made a grim resolve she would never enter Captain Ambrose's sick-room again.

Strange to say, as soon as this resolution of May's became understood by Captain Ambrose, he began to mend very rapidly, and was seized with a violent desire to get up and go down-stairs.

"It is absurd lying here doing nothing," he urged.

"Besides, I shall never get strong until I exert myself a little; and I begin to feel that I am a burden upon you, Mrs. Loxdale."

"Wait until I complain," she said, smiling.

"Then I should stay here all my life, I fancy; but, Mrs. Loxdale, it really is time I was allowed downstairs!"

She laughed at this way of putting it.

"If Dr. Staines allows it, I do, Captain Ambrose.

"You know I am under him."

"I'll ask him directly he comes!" exclaimed the young man, eagerly.

"I know I could bear it quite well."

Dr. Staines suffered the removal as an experiment, and Captain Ambrose left his room, and by the help of a stout stick and the banisters made his slow way downstairs for the first time.

A splendid fire was burning in the drawing-room grate—his couch drawn up in front of it.

A bouquet of winter-roses, snowdrops, and ladyferns stood on the little table placed just convenient to his hand.

Books, newspapers—all were there for his comfort and pleasure—nothing omitted but the one thing he desired above everything else—not only here, but in all the world.

He stopped, breathless, in the middle of the room, and looked about him with a disappointed air.

"I—I am afraid I am driving Miss Loxdale away," he said, at last, with some embarrassment.

"If I had had any idea that I should be in her way, I would have stayed in my own room."

"May was here a moment ago," Mrs. Loxdale replied.

"I daresay she has gone into the other room to write a letter.

He pointed to the writing-table, where an unfinished letter lay open, and then to her workbasket, and sighed.

"It is very selfish of me, I know, but I thought perhaps Miss Loxdale would be kind enough to read the paper to me a little while.

"Dr. Staines tells me I mustn't try my sight until my head gets stronger, and I know nothing that is going on in the world."

"I am sure May will read to you with pleasure," answered Mrs. Loxdale.

"When I have made you comfortable, I will go and fetch her."

May went reluctantly at her mother's bidding; but when she saw the white face and hollow eyes, her kind heart was touched, and forgetting her resentment, she held out her hand, and asked him how he was.

"Oh! all right now, thank you," he answered, cheerfully.

"You don't look all right."

"I meant comparatively, of course.

"But I am wonderfully better.

"Would you mind sitting where I can see you, Miss Loxdale.

"I think you can understand a person better when you watch their lips—don't you?"

May did not reply, but seated herself, blushing, in the chair beside his couch.

"What shall I read?" she asked, presently, without daring to lift her eyes.

"Must you read?"

"I thought that was what you wanted."

"So I did; but on reflection I believe it would do me more good to talk."

"Then there is no need for me to sit here."

Captain Ambrose's voice sank to a languid undertone.

"You see, unfortunately, I can't talk loud, Miss Loxdale, not being very strong as yet, and I have a story to tell you."

"I should rather you told me why you concealed your name from us?" she said, resentment conquering shyness for the moment.

"I never kept it from you purposely, Miss Loxdale, upon my honor.

"In fact, I never thought about the matter until that day when—when"—and it was the captain's turn to blush now—"you spoke of me so much more kindly than I deserved.

"I was ashamed to say who I was."

"It was very mean of you to let me compromise myself in that way," answered May, covering her flushed face with her hands.

"I see—that was why you never came near my room again?"

"Of course I didn't, and I shouldn't have come near you now, only that I was afraid mamma would read to you in my place, and I know she has a bad headache this morning."

"Miss Loxdale, you have not heard my story," he answered, quietly.

"May I begin?"

She did not answer, and he went on.

"It is very short, and can be told in a few words.

"A man was invited to accompany some old friends to an evening-party, it being settled they should meet at the house of the lady who was giving the party at a certain hour, and then he should be introduced to his hostess.

"On the way to the house he heard the despairing cry of a poor woman who had fallen into a pit by the wayside, and naturally he tried to rescue her.

"But in bringing her up, so far as he can remember, he slipped in the snow, and knocked his head violently against an iron bar, having only just time to crawl into the road with his burden before he lost consciousness.

"You know how two kind ladies took him in, hovering like angels above his pillow, looking at him with such compassionate eyes that his heart was moved within him; and often he feigned sleep that he might watch them better.

"Well, as his brain strengthened, he came to one conviction, and that was——"

May looked up quickly to meet his passionate eyes.

He grasped the hands that would have hidden her blushes, as he murmured:

"Can't you guess?

"I found that there was only one woman in the world for me, as there was only one possible wife, and that was May Loxdale."

We do not know how May answered, or even if she answered at all; but four months later, when the snow was all gone, and the primroses and violets were in bloom, there was a happy, if quiet, wedding at Burywell.

And it is also given us to know that May has found that brave men are also tender and true, and never regrets the night about which her husband is so fond of teasing her, when the only invited guest to her party who came at all came in such a strange fashion, and stayed to bless her with his life-long love.

SHINGLES.—Shingles are said to last much longer and are prevented from warping in dry weather, thus causing a leaky roof, if they are covered with a whitewash made by adding slacked quick-lime to a moderately strong brine; some would add sand or whiting to the whitewash, but the advantage of doing so is doubtful. If the white color is objected to for the roof, any painter can give instructions for changing to any tint desired, from a flaming red to a delicate stone color. Some prepare their shingles by dipping them in the wash before laying, but this entails extra labor, and is but little, if any better, as all that is needed is to protect that part which is exposed to the weather.

SILVER CREEK, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1880.

GENTS—I have been very low, and have tried everything, to no advantage. I heard your Hop Bitters recommended by so many, I concluded to give them a trial. I did, and now am around, and constantly improving, and am nearly as strong as ever.

W. H. WELLER.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 20, 1884.

NOW IS THE TIME TO RAISE CLUBS.

A GRAND OFFER!

A Copy of our Beautiful Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," to each subscriber, whether single or in clubs.

Presenting the Bride!

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As to THE POST, there are few in this country, or any other country, who are not familiar with it. Established in 1821, it is the oldest paper of its kind in America, and for more than half a century it has been recognized as the Leading Literary and Family Journal in the United States. For the coming year we have secured the best writers of this country and Europe, in Prose and Verse, Fact and Fiction.

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REPRESSION OF SELF.

Since the long-passed-away days of chivalry, civilization has long been upon the advance, and it was chivalry that accorded to woman a deference she had not before known; to meet that deference worthily, she had to make herself as nearly as possible all that she was fancifully declared to be; and wherever the manners of women have been noble, the race and the state have led their times; and wherever they have been ignoble, race and state have decayed.

It is thus plain that it is to the preservation of fine and fitting manners in women that civilization must look for its own preservation in a measure. Reasoning from past example, we can only feel that its total destruction follows the degradation of half the race, and if for one generation women should find themselves regarded as something less than helpmeets, as toys, as vessels of clay, accepting, as the feminine mind is apt to do, the estimate of the superior, they will cease to respect themselves, will become the vessel of clay, and will bear children who will only break down the race by the very weight of that clay.

If love makes the world go round, it is good manners which oil the wheels, and even the grand motive power itself would be of small avail if the friction were not overcome by this gentle lubrication, and perhaps love itself would not exist in its nobler forms but for the sheltering arms of good manners. It is an endless circle, indeed; the last producing the first, yet not being able to exist without the first.

The soft word, the kind deed, the thoughtful glance, the tenderness of other's feelings, do they not as often kindle love as mere beauty does, and are they not the source of all the delicate courtesies of life?

Of the very important elements in these delicate courtesies, and which are never absent from them, the first is absolute consideration of others, and the second is unobtrusive personal behavior. Complete repose of manner is the chief desideratum with all of these, and repose of manner, when analyzed, is found to be little more than complete personal unobtrusiveness, the refusal to assert one's own emotions and impose them upon the rest of the world—the self-respect of reserve. And while this repression of self makes the happiness of the family circle, it is the same thing on a larger scale that serves as a constituent of the good government of the state, that regards the general good, the commonwealth of all, rather than the individual.

SANCTUM CHAT.

It is proposed in Dresden to collect all the old steel pens and sell them for a fund to educate poor children. The steel of pens is of the best, and can be used in many ways. There is already in Germany a society of smokers which saves the tips cut from the ends of cigars for a similar charitable purpose.

—

The military system in France exacts service of prince and peasant. Under the empire one could send a substitute. Not so to-day. Every young man (with a few exceptions of slight importance), on reaching twenty, must go into the army. If he has a college degree or can pass a certain examination, the period is limited to one year; otherwise he is a soldier for five years.

—

A French medical journal has been amusing itself by providing for the ailments of illustrious people who have been long dead, but who, according to this authority, ought not to have died as early as they did. It seems that Moliere could have been saved by a few grains of caffeine; Racine's neurosis would have yielded to bromide of potassium; while any modern doctor could have cured Napoleon of his biliousness, and altered the course of history by making the great Emperor live to a green old age.

—

A London paper calls attention to the necessity of guarding against overwork in the education of children, and declares that no growing child should be kept longer than half, or, at most, three-quarters, of an hour at a task, or even the same description of work. This is about as long as the attention of young children can be steadily directed to one and the same subject. A teacher who can fix and hold their attention for such a length of time may well be satisfied. To persist in his efforts after their attention begins to flag has a tendency to weaken the faculty rather than to strengthen it. The pupils should be allowed to find relief in some other study.

—

In the war of the Revolution the total militia force raised was 471,622 men. In the Mexican war the total number of United States troops was 181,281. In the late civil war the Union forces numbered 2,859,132 men, of whom 178,079 were colored. In this war, on the Government side, 61,361 were killed in battle, 34,727 died of wounds, and 183,287 died of disease—about twice the number of the total killed in battle. The total deaths were 279,367, and there were 199,105 desertions.

—

An electric machine, designed to register and record the votes of parliamentary bodies, is to be placed in one of the rooms of the Capitol at Washington as an experiment, which, if it works satisfactorily, will likely be introduced into the House of Representatives. By this system a yea and nay call of the House of Representatives can be made, it is claimed, in less than a minute. The machine prints the name of each member, and indicates on what side he votes. It also indicates the absentees, and those who are paired.

—

It is a curious fact that in the salt mines of Poland and Hungary the galleries are supported by wooden pillars, which are found to last unimpaired for ages, in consequence of being impregnated with the salt, while pillars of brick and stone, used for the same purpose, crumble away in a short time by the decay of their mortar. It is also found that wooden piles driven into the mud of salt flats and marshes last for an unlimited time, and are used for the foundation of brick and stone edifices; and the practice of docking timber, after it has been seasoned, by immersing it for some time in sea water, is generally admitted to be promotive of its durability.

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A little while ago, says a New York paper, it was announced that a leading dry goods firm had obtained for decorative purposes the likenesses of a number of beautiful "society" women, and that these would shortly appear on the lids of its pasteboard boxes, in place of the blooming but commonplace types now so much in use. The likenesses have been got, not from the owners of the faces, but from photographers. Whether "society" women like this kind of thing or not depends a great deal upon who they are; but in England there seems to be in some quarters a strong feeling against the open market for likenesses, which made such a story credible, and a bill has been introduced into Parliament making it unlawful for photographers to sell likenesses without the written consent of the owner.

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The number of periodicals published in the United States during the census year was 11,314, of which 971 were issued daily, and the aggregate circulation per issue of these dailies was 3,566,395, an average of about one daily paper every day to every fifteen inhabitants of the Union. But the weeklies and others published at intervals varying from semi-weekly to semi-annually, exhibit a much wider field, their aggregate circulation per day being 28,213,291. The increase of newspapers since 1850 is astonishing. The total number of newspapers in the United States in 1850 is given, in the compendium of the ninth census, as 2526, with a total circulation of 5,142,177. The aggregate circulation stated above for 1880 is 31,177,924, or almost six times as much as in 1850, while the population of the country only increased during that period from 23,191,876 to 50,155,783, or less than 118 per cent. This gratifying increase in the reading population is a strong reason for suspecting that our political institutions are safer than we had supposed.

—

Many persons are under a great misapprehension as to the means of transit or locomotion in Venice. It is a mistake to suppose that there are no streets, and that it is absolutely necessary to go from place to place by gondola. It is true that three bridges—the Rialto bridge of the middle ages, and two modern iron bridges—span the Grand Canal which divides the city in equal halves; it is true that the city is built upon one hundred and seventeen islands, intersected by one hundred and fifty small canals and two thousand four hundred and eighty passages; but almost every one of the water streets has a quay or footpath bordering it, while four hundred bridges unite island to island, so that it is quite possible to go to every part of the city on foot, although few, perhaps, would care to do so, for there is not in all the world a more difficult place for the traveler, guided only by the "light of nature" to find a given spot. That spot may only be a few hundred yards away, but to reach it he may have to cross half a dozen bridges, some leading to the right, and some to the left, and traverse as many squares, of which there are 390.

—

It is calculated that since the creation of the world 14,000,000,000 of human beings have fallen in the wars which man has waged against his fellow-man. If this amazing number of men were to hold each other by the hand at arm's-length they would extend over 14,588,330 miles of ground, and would encircle the globe on which we dwell 608 times. If we allow the weight of a man to be, on an average, one hundred pounds (and that is below the mark), we shall come to the conclusion that 60,250,000 tons of human flesh have been mangled, gashed, disfigured and trampled under foot. The calculation will appear most striking when it is stated that if the forefingers only of every one of those fourteen billions of human beings were to be laid out in a straight line they would reach more than 600,000 miles beyond the moon; and that if a person would undertake to count the number, allowing nineteen hours to the day and seven days to the week, and to number at the rate of 6,000 per hour, it would employ that person 366 years. Lastly, awful is the consideration that three million five hundred thousand pipes of human blood have been spilt in battle.

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A modern designer after nature goes to work in one of three ways. He makes a copy, a picture of his chosen object (which may bear some remote likeness to a proper ornamental form, as in the opposite sketches the branches laden with crab-apples do to the festoon from the antique); or he makes a botanical diagram of the parts of the plant and its flower, and uses it as a "repeat"; or, worst of all, he takes anything that seems to him curious or striking, and forces it, by hook or by crook, into some symmetrical arrangement. These two latter processes he calls conventionalizing. The picture-maker may "conventionalize" also; for he may drop his work at some preparatory stage, or may put a heavy black outline around it, or he may use a gold background; these and a number of other dodges being supposed to make a thing more ornamental. It is a sorry ornament that is thus turned out. It belongs nowhere. It is fitted for no position. It is a fraud and a sham, for it is not even intended to ornament anything in particular. If painted on a plate to-day, it may be sprawled on a ceiling to-morrow.

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Western cities are greatly exercised in regard to the smoke nuisance, and several of them have ordinances compelling all boiler-owners to put in some smoke-consuming device. Our latest exchanges report the successful trial of a tug at Chicago with a device for consuming the smoke, which worked well in every particular—at least, so the newspaper accounts state. There was one little drawback, in the eyes of a practical man, and that was that the steam jet employed and the fire-box arrangements necessary in connection with it prevented the boat from keeping up steam, and during the whole trial it was gradually falling. The experience of those cities where the smoke-consuming devices have been tried most extensively teaches one very important lesson, which it would be well for our friends in Chicago and other Western cities to pay careful attention to, namely, that the real smoke-consumer, and the only one that can be depended upon with any certainty, is the fireman. It can be proved beyond a shadow of doubt that when the statute says that no smoke shall be produced under a penalty of a fine the fireman will find the means with very ordinary furnaces to prevent the appearance of smoke from his stack.

A FADED ROSE.

BY J. W.

Dost remember when this rose, love,
Was a fresh and fragrant flower—
Sweet "Queenrose" of all the roses
Growing in your garden-bower?
As I catch the subtle incense
That about its petals hovers,
'Tis again a moonlit evening,
We a pair of happy lovers.

We are in the perfumed garden,
With its wealth of summer flowers
Bending low their dew-gemmed blossoms
'Neath the moonbeams' silv'ry showers.
I can see the gleaming fountain
In the moonlight whitely glimmer,
While the wind-tossed drops are falling
In a misty, rippling shimmer.

Soft the perfumed evening zephyrs
Steal amid your golden tresses,
And, in passing, pause a moment
On your cheeks to lay caresses.
I've just told the old, old story,
In the garden's moonlit bowers—
Told it with an earnest pleading,
'Mid the perfume of the flowers.

Shy, fond glances rest upon me
As your white lids upward flutter,
Then the rose you give me, darling,
Not a word your sweet lips utter.
But I read my happy answer,
With my heart in rapture leaping,
For I know that you have given
Your pure heart within my keeping.

Grace's Secret.

BY RANDALL W. HAYLE.

IT was not Ray Wilmot's own fault that she was spoiled, was the general verdict on a generally accepted fact, by all the inhabitants of the little sea-coast town where Ray, her father and her sister—her senior by two years—dwelt together in an humble little cottage, close to where John Wilmot moored his boats.

Not her fault, but that of the father and he sister, who made themselves her slaves —not her fault, but that of the pretty face and soft white hands, which latter made such contrast to the brown hardened ones of her sister—not her fault, but that of all those who lavish admiration upon her as upon the flower or the butterfly.

She seemed so strange an anomaly in this place which had sprung up by the sea, so ill-fitted for its coarse and rough ways, by right of her own dainty grace.

Yet not cottage on all the coast was as spotless and as perfectly kept as this one, where lived John Wilmot and his two motherless girls.

Was it to her it owed its charm?

The white hands told a different story, and pass when one would, Ray sat always idle, while Grace was ever busied at some household task.

Grace, with her honest brown eyes and sweet mouth, which, fail as they might to give her Ray's beauty, had a wonderful charm of their own, if any one might chance to find it out.

And latterly, no work had seemed hard to Grace, for she fancied that some one had found it out.

She could scarcely remember when she had not cared for Dick Rugby, but only lately had she learned to blush at his coming, and to sigh at his farewell.

For Dick was captain of a gallant little craft of his own, and often was absent for long weeks on some cruise.

He was home now, and Grace had hurried through her tasks to-day, for he had asked her yesterday to meet him on the cliff this afternoon, that he wished to talk with her and to be quite alone.

How her heart beat as she fastened a bright ribbon about her throat, as she heard the old clock strike the appointed hour!

"Where are you going, Grace?" called Ray petulantly.

But for once Grace evaded her questioning, and was gone ere she found time to murmur.

Refreshingly cool autumn wind blew upon her flushed cheek.

It alone would hear, later, that was the secret Dick wished to whisper in her ear.

Already he was awaiting her.

From afar she caught sight of the tall, manly figure, as he paced up and down the cliff with impatient stride.

"You are late," he said reproachfully, when she had come within sound of his voice.

"I could not help it, Dick," she answered. "You know I wanted to be here."

"Yes, Grace; you've never yet denied a wish of mine," was his reply; "and I hope you'll not dream of denying what I came to ask you to-day, for it's the one wish nearest my heart.

"Sometimes, Grace, I have fancied you have guessed it without the telling. Is it so?"

Hotter surged the crimson tide into her face at his eager speech, while her downcast eyes sought the ground.

"Maybe I've guessed it, Dick," she said.

"Ay, so I thought!—and you can understand why I wanted to speak first to you, and to ask if you thought likely there was any chance for me.

"I'm so rough and strong and big, you know Grace, and she's such a frail, beautiful child, that I grow afraid of her.

"But, oh, Grace, my love would make me that tender of her——

"Why, Grace, what's the matter? You're white as the cliff's, child. Have I surprised you, after all?"

"A—a little," she stammered.

For she knew now that her dream was dead.

It was Ray whom Dick Rugby loved—Ray who had taken the brightness, and left her the shadow always.

Hitherto the division had seemed equal to her.

Why not now?

"You've no need to make me your intercessor, Dick," she said: "*any* girl would be proud to win you."

And so she gave him courage to set forth on his wooing.

Her words, too, held the spirit of prophecy.

Before the sun set, Dick had won Ray's promise to become his wife.

"There's no better man in these parts," Ray sleepily confessed to her sister, as she laid her beautiful head that night on her pillow; "and I suppose I must be married some day.

"But, oh, I hate the thought of living on here for ever!"

"Ray," exclaimed Grace, with a choking at her throat, "don't you love Dick?"

"I suppose so," was the answer. "I'm sure I'm quite too sleepy to discuss the point."

So Grace learned her second lesson on that fateful day.

Was it a lesson Dick, too, would learn in time?

It was almost pitiful to see his anxiety to please his beautiful betrothed—his tender solicitude and care for her—to watch him walk less heavily, speak less loudly in her presence, while his eyes never left her face.

But as the weeks rolled on a shadow came into their depths, a shadow which deepened into pain, the pain born of knowledge.

True, he stood in the garden of Eden; but he had tasted the fruit of the tree, and its taste was bitter in his mouth.

Ray would be his wife, but his helpmeet, never!

When he bade her good-bye, as now and now then, during the winter, he was forced to do, in making his frequent cruises, the lips she lifted to his were cold and impassive, and the interest in his return greater in the gifts he brought her than in himself.

And Grace saw, with growing sadness, that he was not blind.

So February came, and Dick again must say farewell, and now for a longer time.

"I can't get back before April, Ray, dear," he said wistfully; "but I'll take a holiday then. And, Ray, won't you let me take it with my wife?

"You're used to sailor's ways, love, and you won't mind me leaving you now and then; but it'll make all the difference in the world to me.

"On the darkest night at sea I shall fancy the lamp burned by my wife at my own hearthstone shines out, across all the blackness, the star to guide me home."

"What nonsense, Dick!" answered the girl.

"But I suppose it might as well be over one time as another, so, I'll try to be ready against your return."

At that moment Grace, who had been sitting silently at the further end of the room, lifted her eyes, and hers and Dick Rugby's met.

What was it passed from each—a lightning flash into the other's soul?

If each read too late the truth—if Grace was avenged at last, their loyalty would never give them the sweetness of confession.

The next day Dick sailed, but he and Grace did not meet again.

She contrived to be absent when he came to say good-bye.

For the first time, Ray began to waken to interest in her marriage; for, simple and quiet as were their lives, a wedding involved a wedding-dress and bridal finery.

She thought only of the flowers that strewed the threshold of her new life, not of the solemnities that lay beyond.

So the weeks flitted by, bringing nearer and nearer the time of Dick's return.

At any day now he might be looked for, but no flush of expectancy dawned on Ray's beauty, and only Grace's eyes held a wistful, anxious look.

"There's a heavy storm brewing," said the father, one evening in the latter part of March.

"I would that Dick were safe in port."

Grace glanced up startled, but Ray only laughed lightly.

"He's breasted storms before to-day," she said.

And not even when the tempest, true to the old sailor's prophecy, burst forth in all its fury, did she seem to fear, or weigh her spirit with her lover's safety.

For three days and nights the storm-king reigned in all the might and majesty of conscious power.

The coast was strewed with spars and beams, which told their own story of the devastation wrought at sea; but yet Ray's cheek did not pale, and song and laughter were still upon her lips.

The third night the storm was at its height.

Ray lay sleeping peacefully on her pillow, and even Grace, exhausted by long wakefulness, had sunk into a troubled slumber.

Suddenly she started and sat upright in the bed, as if listening eagerly—intently.

"Ray!" she cried. "Ray, wake up! Dick has come! Hear! He is calling me! Once, twice, thrice I have heard my name above all the outside din and roar!"

Languidly Ray opened her blue, sleepy eyes.

"You are dreaming, Grace," she said.

"You could not hear a human voice on such a night; besides, why should Dick call on you? It is I whom he loves!"

"Hark! there it is again," spoke Grace.

"Surely you must hear it, Ray!"

"I hear nothing but the storm and your folly.

"A likely thing my lover would come calling to you in the night! If he did, he might go his way forever henceforth. I'd have none of him."

And she closed her eyes to sleep again.

Grace listened a moment longer, then a sudden change swept over her, and she, too, sank back on her pillow with a smile of peace.

All the anxiety had fled from her eyes.

They shared the smile that played about her lips.

"Dick Rugby is dead," she whispered low. "He knows my secret now, and through the storm he came to me to whisper his."

The morning sun streaming through the windows proclaimed the tempest at an end; but Ray was the first to awake, strange to relate.

Grace still slept on by her side.

She leaned over to arouse her, and lightly laid her hand upon her cheek.

The next instant a shriek of terror rang through the silent house.

That touch had betrayed to her the awful truth.

Grace slept the sleep that knows no waking.

"A faulty action of the heart, all unsuspected," was the verdict the physician gave.

We will not contradict him, but that very day fragments of Dick Rugby's gallant ship were washed ashore, and Dick himself, its brave captain, came never more to claim his bride.

Within a year Ray had pledged to another the vows she had so nearly sworn to him, and her double sorrow was forgotten.

But what was the voice Grace heard, and how she answered it, we may only read in the smile which rested on her dead, cold lips, as though she only slept and dreamed a dream.

Nearly A Failure.

BY M. ONLEU.

MERCERVILLE was too stupid for any one to live in.

Such was the verdict of Merceville itself, or at least of the younger portion of its inhabitants.

Even the older folks found it "uncommonly dull," for, with the exception of a strike at the foundry, against which Mr. John Farrar was still standing firm, and a little excitement caused by a party of tramps passing through the town, and demanding free board and lodging of certain unprotected old ladies, there was really nothing of even local interest to afford subject for conversation.

"We haven't had the least amusement since the last picnic, in September," said Miss Fanny Keeling, as she worked away at a quilting-frame, with half-a-dozen other ladies, at old Mrs. Pottinger's.

"I wish somebody would give a party!" said Josie Manson, glancing round appealingly, with a pair of very bright brown eyes.

"Why, Josie, that is just what everybody else is saying," remarked Miss Rebecca Spicer.

"If you all depend upon each other to begin, I'm afraid you will be a long time waiting."

"Do you never have parties in Merceville?" rather shyly inquired Josie's pretty cousin Bertie, who was on a visit to her.

"Oh, bless you, yes!" responded Miss Spicer, with animation; "but, you see, it's rather early in the season for parties yet.

"They don't generally begin here until towards Christmas.

"We prefer to save up everything for a good time in the holidays, and from then to spring is the gay season with us."

"But couldn't we get up something in the meantime?" suggested Alice Winn.

"Some simple, informal party, like a picnic."

"A winter picnic! Whoever heard of such a thing?"

"How would a surprise party do?" said Josie.

"That is what might be called a winter picnic."

Several faces looked up with sudden animation.

"Why, Josie, what a good idea! Let us have a surprise party, by all means."

"I don't know," doubtfully observed old Mrs. Pottinger, as she took off her spectacles, and carefully polished them on a huge red silk pocket-handkerchief; "some folks don't approve of surprise parties; and it does seem like taking a liberty to march right into a person's house and do as if it was your own, without even saying by your leave."

"But we only go where we know we shall be welcome," said Bertie deprecatingly.

"And we give them a find supper, you know, and leave them plenty of good things," added Josie.

"Is that so?

"Well, in that case I've no objection to being surprised myself," said the old lady, with a fat, good-natured chuckle.

"We'll make a note of that," said Miss Sophie Nichols, a thin, faded-looking young lady, who always wore pale pink ribbons, and was known among her more youthful acquaintance as "The Last Rose of Summer."

"For my part, I always did dote on surprise parties," acknowledged Miss Rebecca Spicer—"both me an' Mirandy.

"We'd as leave have our friends come and spend an evening with us that way, as send round and invite them.

"It saves trouble, and being a surprise and unexpected-like, it's all the pleasanter."

"And I would like to be surprised, of all things!" exclaimed Alice Wynn; "and I know ma would. She's always ready for company."

When Josie went home that evening, she was accompanied by two or three of her young friends, and together they talked over the newly-proposed plan, and submitted it to her brother, Dr. Manson, and his wife, but met with small encouragement.

"I don't quite approve of surprise parties," said the doctor.

"Can't you wait for Christmas, Josie?"

"Or for the church-fair?" suggested his wife.

But Josie was bent upon carrying out her new plan, and her young friends being equally determined, they forthwith resolved themselves into a committee of ways and means, and in a few days the whole matter of the first surprise party was arranged.

The young men were not so enthusiastic, with the exception of Bob Manson, a youth of sixteen, who was reluctantly admitted upon his own urgent application; but several others volunteered, and Mrs. Manson's bachelor brother, Mr. Rhodes Henning, being pressed into the service, the party promised to be a success.

"We'll go to the Wynns first," the committee had decided; and, by the advice of Mrs. Manson, a note was dispatched to Mrs. Wynn giving a hint of the proposed "surprise."

It was about eight o'clock on a crisp November night that a group set forth from Dr. Manson's house on their eagerly anticipated expedition.

All were comfortably muffled in cloaks and warm hoods, and each carried a little basket laden with good things.

"They are expecting us, I see," said Josie, as they came in sight of a handsome house with brightly-lighted parlor windows.

"I know we shall have a pleasant time, because Mrs. Wynn and Alice are so fond of company."

"What about the old gentleman?" inquired Mr. Henning.

"His tastes don't appear to have been consulted on this occasion."

"Oh, he never interferes with his wife and daughter!

"When he doesn't choose to see their company, he retires to his library, or goes over to Professor Day's for congenial society."

Ascending the broad steps, Mr. Henning rang the bell—a summons immediately answered by a servant.

"Walk in, please, sir," he said, politely, as his eye fell upon the muffled figure on the threshold.

"They have been expecting you this half-hour."

He stared a little as the rest of the party filed in.

There was a glowing fire in the parlor, beside which sat Mr. Wynn and his friend, Professor Day—the former, a tall, thin old gentleman, with a solemn visage.

"Good evening, sir," said Mr. Henning jovially.

"You see we have taken the liberty of giving you and the ladies a little surprise."

Mr. Henning might have been congratulated on the success of his design, for a more surprised-looking person than Mr. Wynn, as he gazed upon his visitors, could not easily be imagined.

"Pray be seated.

"I regret that the ladies are not at home," he said bewilderedly.

"Not at home?

"The servant told us we were expected," said Miss Fanny Keeling.

"I—I was expecting a friend or two to a little supper and philosophical experiment," explained Mr. Wynn awkwardly. "I regret very much, ladies, that Mrs. Wynn is not at home."

The company seemed as embarrassed as the host.

Professor Day turned aside to the window, and coughed behind his hand.

Bob afterwards declared that he saw him laughing.

"We are sorry to have intruded upon you," said Josie, with great dignity.

"But as I wrote to Mrs. Wynn that we were coming, we concluded that she would expect us."

"My wife and daughter are spending some days in the country. They went this evening."

"And I wrote this morning," said Josie, turning very red, and casting an inquiring glance at Bob.

"I gave you the note, sir," said that youth promptly.

"I met you going home to dinner, and asked would you please give it to Mrs. Wynn."

"Ah! Why, yes, I do remember that there was something about a note. Is this it?"

And fumbling in his pocket, Mr. Wynn produced a crumpled envelope.

There was no necessity for further explanations, and the party took leave, evidently greatly to the relief of the host, despite his continued protestations of "very sorry."

"You will never catch me marrying a man who reads all the time and makes philosophical experiments," said Josie, as they descended the steps.

"I never do either," said Frank Winston, in a low voice.

But Josie was a little out of humor, and only tossed her head in reply.

"What are we to do now?" said Miss Sophie, appealing pathetically to Mr. Henning, as they stood on the pavement, in the chilly starlight.

"We can go somewhere else.

"Suppose we try the Livermores? There is a light in their parlor, but it's too dim for them to be entertaining company."

They crossed the street; and in answer to the bell a small boy, with an open school-book in his hand, appeared.

"How d'ye do, Tommy? Family at home?" inquired Mr. Henning patronizingly.

"Guess so," replied Tommy, staring curiously at the visitors.

"Well, go and tell your mamma that we've come to pay her a visit."

"What sort o' visit? Is it a sewin'-s'ciety or a prayer-meetin'?" inquired the heir of the Livermores with interest.

"It's a surprise party," responded Miss Keeling sharply.

"And we've got lots of cake and goodies here in our baskets," added Bob.

"So look sharp, young one."

The "young one" showed his appreciation of this information by an involuntary puckering and smacking of his lips.

"You haven't got company this evening, have you, Tommy?" inquired Miss Sophie, insinuatingly.

"Me? Oh, no, I haint got no company; but Carrie has," he added, with a most significant wink.

"There's Captain Dodson in the parlor now, courtin' her; and ma, she's in the back parlor, listening."

There was a dead silence.

"Lor'!" said Bob, "I didn't know the captain was in town.

"He promised me——"

"Oh, yes; he jest arrived about an hour ago," interrupted Master Tommy, with charming frankness, "in the stage.

"He's been comin' reg'lar ever sence las' Chris'mas; and pa he said jes' now that if he didn't come to the p'int this time, he'd have to stir him up.

"And Carrie she said she'd box my ears if I went into the parlor; and ma's listening."

"I guess we need not stop," said Mr. Henning.

But at that moment Mrs. Livermore peeped from the back parlor, and seeing them, came forward, with a by no means delighted expression.

Quick-witted Josie stepped to the front at once.

They were a surprise party, she explained, and would not Carrie like to join them?

But Mrs. Livermore could not think of trusting Carrie out at night with such a dreadful cold as she had.

So, with mutual regrets, the party took leave.

"We seem destined to be unfortunate," said Harry Willard.

"Would it not have been better to have arranged beforehand with those to whom we intended paying a visit?

"Then we could have been sure of a welcome."

"But then it would not have been a surprise party," objected Bertie.

"I know where we shall be welcome," said Miss Fanny; "Mr. John Farrar's away.

"Gone to get new workmen in place of the strikers at the foundry.

"I know that Mrs. Farrar and the girls, and Dick would be delighted to have us call.

"They're always crazy to get enough together for a dance."

There was some discussion, and then the party wended their way towards the residence of Mr. John Farrar.

It stood back from the street, and they had passed half-way up the walk, when the fierce barking of a dog arrested them.

Thereupon a window was raised and the voice of Mr. John himself demanded authoritatively—

"Who is there?"

"Call off your dog!" shouted Harry Willard, who stood in mortal horror of hydrophobia, and would sooner have encountered a lion than an enraged canine.

"Who are you," repeated Mr. Farrar, "and what do you want on my place?"

"Come down and open the door for us, and we will introduce ourselves," said Mr. Henning jovially.

He and Mr. Farrar were great cronies, but on this occasion it was evident that the excited gentleman had not recognized the voice of his old friend.

Bob perceived this and shouted—

"We've come to give you a surprise party."

"Ah, you have, have you?

"Well, there'll be nobody surprised but yourselves, I can assure you.

"I have been expecting you, you rascals, and have come home purposely to give you a warm reception.

"You'll mob my house, will you, in my absence?

"You'll break my windows and tear up my shrubbery?

"Well, come on, and the first man of you who puts his foot across that walk I'll fire upon him.

"Hi, Wolf! at 'em!"

Somebody was evidently loosing the dog.

It was no time to stop for explanations, and the gentlemen, following the example of the ladies, effected a hasty retreat from the premises of Mr. John Farrar, and never paused to look back until the gate was shut between them and their canine pursurer.

"I—I think we had better go home," sobbed Bertie, to whom Harry Willard straightway commenced whispering in a soothing tone, inaudible to the rest.

Miss Sophie, interestingly agitated, was leaning on Mr. Henning's shoulder, and Josie's face was crimson with indignation.

"I'll never enter that house again!" she exclaimed.

"The idea of taking us for a party of rowdy workmen."

"It would be a shame to allow ourselves to be driven home in this way," said Miss Fanny.

"No! we'll go somewhere and enjoy ourselves, despite Mr. John Farrar!

"Didn't Miss Rebecca Spicer say, at Mrs. Pottinger's, that she doted on surprise parties, and would like of all things to have her friends call on her in that way?"

"So did Mrs. Pottinger," said Miss Sophie.

"And here we are right at her door.

"I know that John has a violin, and will give us a dance, and Dora will be delighted.

"Go up, Bob, do, and ring the door-bell."

Bob obeyed, and a moment after the venerable head of Mrs. Pottinger appeared, enveloped in a nightcap.

"Who's 'there?

"Bless me, if it isn't them tramps come back again."

And the head instantly disappeared.

Bob leaned over the porch towards the window.

"Mrs. Pottinger! Mrs. Pottinger! We ain't tramps!

"We're friends, come to see you.

"We've brought you all sorts of cake and pie and nice things for supper!"

Mrs. Pottinger looked from the window.

"I've not a crumb of cake or pie in the house," she said earnestly.

"But if bread and meat will do, and you will go away quietly, I'll give you all I've got."

"It's useless to stay here longer," said Miss Fanny.

"We will leave Josie and Mr. Winston to explain, while we step next door to Miss Spicer's.

"There's no light in the front windows, but that makes no difference, for I know they generally sit in the back parlor."

"Hadn't I better go round that way and let them know that we are here?" suggested Bob.

"Then there'll be no danger of their getting frightened and making a fuss."

With this considerate motive, Bob passed around the end of the house to the back porch; and seeing, through the window, Miss Miranda Spicer seated before the fire, knitting, tapped on the pane.

The lady instantly started up.

"Don't be scared, Miss Mirandy!" cried Bob.

"It's only friends."

"Scared!

"What's the matter?" gasped Miss Spicer, clasping her hands.

"Nothing's the matter!" cried Bob, impatiently.

"Don't go making a fuss, as if the house was on fire."

"House on fire! Merciful Heavens!" shrieked Miss Miranda.

And as her sister at the moment hastily entered with a teapot in her hands, she screamed—

"Fire, Rebecca; the house is on fire!"

Miss Rebecca dropped the teapot, snatched up a lot of silver teaspoons from the table and an armful of other articles, and rushed to the front door screaming—

"Fire!"

The sight of the group in front of the house only increased her assurance of the danger, and she screamed louder than ever.

The passers-by caught the word.

People rushed up the street yelling "Fire!" and in five minutes the new fire-engine, the pride of Mercerville, was heard rattling up the street, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the populace.

But meanwhile the surprise party had effected a rapid retreat down a back alley at the end of which they paused to recover breath.

Bertie burst into tears, and Miss Sophie, clinging to Mr. Henning, declared that she felt like fainting, while everybody abused Bob as the chief author of the evening's mishaps.

Doctor Manson and his wife, after ascertaining that the fire-bell which had aroused them was a false alarm, returned to their cheerful pleasant parlor, and resumed their reading and sewing.

"I hope," said the doctor, as he turned over his paper, "I hope that our gay young people will not stay out too late."

"Poor things," said his wife.

"They are put to hard shifts to find amusement.

"We must have some little sociables for them.

"It will be better than a large party.

"But there is a patient for you," she added, as the door bell rang.

She bent forward and listened as the doctor answered the summons.

There was the sound of many light footsteps, and then Josie's voice, not so clear and confident as usual—

"Brother John, don't get excited. We're not a mob bringing you somebody with broken bones to mend.

"We're only a party of ladies and gentlemen come to give you a surprise."

The doctor saw at once that something had gone wrong.

"Well, I am surprised, I confess," he said pleasantly.

"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen.

"I assure you we feel ourself highly flattered by your choice."

"Necessity knows no choice," remarked Mr. Henning.

"Don't give us credit for what we don't deserve.

"We come to you because we can't get in anywhere else."

"Been taken for tramps," said Josie indignantly.

"And roughs," growled Bob.

"And had dogs set on us," said Bertie pathetically.

"Well, after all these outrages you are doubly welcome," said Mrs. Manson laughing.

"Come right in, and when you are rested you shall tell us about it."

The doctor and his wife were immensely amused by their account of the evening's adventures.

They had not done laughing when they were called to supper, and then some of the neighbors were called in; and with music, chatting and dancing, the evening passed pleasantly away.

"After all, our surprise party has proved a success," triumphantly said Josie.

"We shouldn't have enjoyed ourselves half so much at the other places," said Miss Fanny.

While the doctor, glancing at the now smiling Bertie and Josie and their devoted partners, whispered to his wife—

"All's well that ends well."

Saved by Him.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

WHAT had become of Jack Harwood?" asked the little world of Mayville, and looked into Nannie Fere's pretty blue eyes for their reply.

But the eyes were as speechless as the red, pouting lips, and Mayville's curiosity remained unsatisfied.

Of course, everybody knew that with Nannie, Jack was madly, desperately in love.

But the girl was ambitious, and Jack was poor.

He had heard of some scheme by which he could make money?

Had he left her for this purpose?

Had he carried with him her plighted troth?

Ah, the old apple-tree in the orchard might have told the secret could they who questioned but have understood the language of the leaves whispering to each other in the twilight.

They would have heard then the few earnest, impassioned words Jack whispered in the little, shell-tinted ear as he held, close-clasped in his strong arms, the slender, graceful figure, and kissed, with reverent tenderness, the sweet young mouth—

"My darling, you will be true to me?

"You will wait for me?

"In two years Nannie, I will come back a rich man.

"You will be patient, darling, until then?

"You are right, my love.

"You couldn't marry me now that I have so little to offer you.

"But I will go to a new place, where opportunities are not wanting, and none shall escape me.

"Only promise me, Nannie—whatever betide—promise me to be true!"

This was what the leaves heard, even as they heard the girl's whispered answer, spoken 'mid her sobs—

"I will be true, Jack.

"I will stay at home, and pray for your return and the realization of all our hopes!"

These words were lost in kisses, and then Nannie stood alone.

But only the leaves knew her secret, and they would not betray it.

There was no outward change in her.

She laughed and sang, and danced, as she had always done.

She was the acknowledged belle and beauty of every gathering.

Six months passed.

Frequent letters came to her, and many a dainty missive she slipped in the post-box in return.

But no one saw the inscription or address.

Then Reed Collins came upon the scene.

It was an accident which brought him to Mayville.

His home was in the great metropolis, but there had been some recent discoveries of a peculiar ore in the little town, and he had come more fully to investigate it, in behalf of a powerful company of which he was one of the stockholders.

He was a young man, but possessed by inheritance of immense wealth.

Naturally he found Mayville very dull, or would have done so but that he found also Nannie Fere to brighten it.

His stay lengthened itself into summer.

The ore discoveries proved very fallacious, but instead of finding, he had lost, and that no less an article than his heart.

Jack had better come home, the gossips said again.

But they spoke too late.

In June, Reed Collins carried off his wife.

Had she forgotten?

Had she remembered?

This time not even the leaves could whisper the reply.

Not even they shared her secret.

* * * * * * *

A year later, and a little party of travelers stood at the mouth of a recently-opened mine.

Already untold wealth had been taken from its long unsuspected chambers.

The party consisted of four gentlemen and two ladies—one somewhat advanced in years, the other young and marvellously pretty.

The latter shuddered as they left the sunlight and went down into the darkness—shuddered and drew nearer her husband, who threw his arm protectingly about the slender waist.

But when the lower level had been reached, her courage returned to her, and soon interested in all about her, she quite forgot her fears.

Gradually the little party became divided.

The two ladies, with one of the gentlemen, were at one end of a long tunnel, while the others had wandered to its extreme length.

Suddenly a singular noise startled them—a noise as of falling earth.

"What is that?" they cried.

A miner, hurrying by, answered them—

"A cave of the earth, ma'am. There's some people buried, I believe."

The young wife uttered a faint cry, and staggered back.

"It is not Reed, dear," said the elder woman soothingly.

But just then another man came hurrying up to where they stood.

"There's been an earth cave," he said, "and the young gentleman's buried. But they're working hard, and I guess they'll get him out."

"Reed!" shrieked the young wife.

And, regardless of the man's remonstrance as to danger, she flew onward, blindly, in the darkness, until she almost fell into the arms of a man advancing towards her.

"Oh, come with me!" she called, clutching him by the sleeve—"come with me. You can save him!"

But he whom she addressed, instead of answering, caught her by both shoulders and held her at arm's length from him.

"Nannie!" he said—"Nannie!"

And hoarse and changed as was his voice, in the fulness of its love and passion she recognized its tones.

Down on her knees she fell before him.

"Forgive me, Jack!" she pleaded: "but for Heaven's sake help me save him!"

"Save him!

"Save whom? Of whom are you speaking?"

"My husband!

"He is buried in the mine!"

"Your husband!

"You are married, then?

"And I—I who have saved, and toiled, and battled, I, who at last have gained the reward for which I have struggled, I——"

His voice sank.

He staggered back against the wall, and covered his face with his brown, rough hands.

"Jack, dear Jack, if you have ever loved me, don't stop to think of your wrongs now, but of my agony.

"Your are strong.

"You are used to this dreadful place.

"Oh, save my husband!

"Quick, quick!

"Every minute that we lose is precious.

"For my sake, Jack!

"For the sake of the old days!"

"The old days when you promised to be true!" he echoed.

"But you shall never say, Nannie, it was my love that failed."

And stooping his head till his lips fell softly on her hair, he strode on before her in the darkness.

The earth slide had buried Reed Collins to his shoulders, leaving the head free: but any attempt at rescue would imperil a second caving of the earth, and could only be undertaken at great risk, while every moment lost rendered the possibility greater of his own weight carrying him down.

It was at this juncture that Jack Harwood appeared upon the scene—Jack, the envied of them all, because one-third of the mine was his in his own right, and gave him greater wealth than he could ever spend.

They would scarcely believe their senses when they saw what he was about to do, for it was he who bravely undertook the rescue.

No one among them all knew better the fearful risk, but he neither hesitated nor wavered.

With hands that never trembled, he skilfully adjusted the ropes about the helpless man, then gave the word which would ensure his safety, and was the one supreme moment of his own peril.

It was the work of a minute.

Reed was dragged from his living tomb unhurt, save for the shock, a few cuts and bruises.

But there was a dull, heavy sound, and as Jack—brave Jack—almost threw him from him, the earth fell with a thundering roar, and carried with it his brave soul into eternity.

Why had he done this thing to save a stranger's life? the men asked each other.

But this why was Nannie's secret still, and she kept it faithfully.

Simply Wonderful!

The cures that are being made in nearly all chronic diseases, by a new Vitalizing Treatment, which is taken by inhalation and which acts directly on the weakened nerve centres and vital organs, restoring them to the normal activities which had been lost are simply wonderful. If you are in need of such a treatment, write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, for such documents and reports of cases as will enable you to judge for yourself whether it will be of any use in your particular case.

Scientific and Useful.

LIQUID STOVE POLISH.—Pulverized black lead, two pounds; spirits of turpentine, two gallons; water, two ounces; sugar two ounces. Mix.

THEY SAY.—That pennyroyal distributed in places frequented by roaches will drive them away. That wild mint will keep rats and mice out of your house, and, it is said, will also keep them from entering corn stacks. That leaves of parsley, eaten with a little vinegar will prevent the disagreeable consequences of tainted breath by onions.

FAST CHERRIES.—A Bridgeport man has, inside of a week, forced blossoms on a branch cut from cherry tree. He kept it in water mixed with soda, and increased the dose one grain every day, giving all the sunlight possible. Before long the buds began to swell and finally burst, continuing in their growth until bunches of blossoms appeared. He declares that he will have fully developed cherries in two or three days.

LIME JUICE.—In the English navy lime juice is used with the gratifying result that scurvy is now pratically unknown. In the merchant marine service, however, lemon juice is chiefly used, owing to its cheapness, and here cases of scurvy are frequently occurring; not Mr. Conroy thinks, that lemon juice as an anti-scorbutic but simply that it soon becomes inert and useless by fermentation.

FLESH PRESERVER.—The action of very diluted nitromuriatic acid on meat and other animal substances has been recently studied by Signor Pavesi, who finds the substance an excellent preserving agent; meat in pieces of about one kog, kept in the liquid in wooden vessels remaining unaltered and savory for years. The meat treated may also be dried at 150 to 200 without undergoing change, apart from a diminution of volume and the appearance of a brown color. Put for a few hours in water the meat recovers its original softness and natural color.

FOR OUT-DOOR PAINTING.—The Iowa Agricultural College folks recommend the following as an excellent paint for out-of-door work: To three parts of crude petroleum and one part linseed oil add sufficient mineral paint to give the desired body and apply with a brush. For better buildings white-lead may be added in proportion of one pound of lead to five of mineral paint. Crude petroleum costs only from six to eight cents per gallon by the barrel, and can be easily obtained through any druggist or dealer in oil in any town or village. A barrel would be handy to have in the house of any farmer, who could then do a world of painting at odd spells. Not only might barns, fences, hog-pens, and stables to be painted, but the roofs and floors of these buildings as well.

Farm and Garden.

CARBOLIC ACID.—A bottle of carbolic acid should be kept in every farm house, not merely as a disinfectant, but as a wash for wounds and sores. For any purpose it should be diluted with water. Its power to destroy fungus growths renders carbolic acid invaluable in pruning orchards of pear, plum or peach, where blight or other disease is suspected. The pruning shears should be frequently dipped in carbolic acid water.

ONIONS.—To get clean and sound onion seed, put the seed pods out in the sun on canvass sheets and let them get thoroughly dry. Then thresh and winnow. Afterward, pour into a tub of water and stir slowly until the good seed sinks to the bottom. The chaff and light seed will float. These may be poured off with the water, and the good seed dried on light cotton cloth stretched on frames; when perfectly dry put away in oiled paper bags.

MUSTY MEAL.—Experiments have proved that musty meal is not wholesome food for any of the domestic animals. Disease and death have been directly traced by its use. When fed to poultry, chicken cholera or some disease resembling it was the result. Cows to which it was fed gave bad milk, and calves to thrive as well as those in the same pasture which had no grain, swine fed upon it failed to grow or fatten; only horses were not injured by it, and they escaped because they would not eat it.

BREAKING COLTS.—Colts should be broken to harness at three years old, and used in light work for two years, when they will become matured and fit for full work. If they are used for hard service before their joints become settled, or surrounded by a full grown texture of muscles and sinews to support them, they are liable to become strained, causing spavins or bony enlargements, that will destroy the future usefulness. Any blockhead can break down a colt; but it requires good sense to mold them up after they have been crippled by ignorant taskmasters. It is not worth while to risk the experiment of converting sound colts into wrecks, when they will live longer and put in more service if suffered to ripen slowly full matured before being put to hard work.

Ayer's Ague Cure not only affords immediate relief, but it expels entirely the poison which produces fever and ague, without leaving any injurious effect, as is the case with quinine and many of the ague cures now advertised. It is the only known remedy in existence which may be considered an absolute antidote for fever and ague, and kindred diseases.

MAKING CRACKERS.

INSPECTING one of the largest bakeries in this city, a visitor found a praiseworthy cleanliness in every part.

Taking that factory as a fair example of the great cracker bakeries, he says that the most fastidious housewife need have no fear that the crackers she places before her guests are not clean and wholesome.

On the second floor of the building there are five "reel" or cylinder ovens.

These ovens, about twenty feet in diameter, have the fires at the bottom, and above the fire is a large wheel or cylinder.

On the outer frame of this wheel are ten swinging trays.

On these trays the crackers, as they are turned out from the stamping machine close by, are placed, and the wheel revolves slowly, lowering the next tray into position.

Thus the wheel is kept in constant motion, the biscuit being removed from the trays after making one revolution of the cylinder.

In this bakery the weekly supply of materials is 600 barrels of flour, 3,000 pounds of butter, 20,000 pounds of lard, 80 barrels of sugar, 25 barrels of molasses, 15 barrels of currants, together with eggs, honey, cornstarch, and other necessary ingredients.

The mixing of the dough, the rolling and the stamping are done by machine.

The mixing machine is on the second floor of the building.

One shoot leading into this mixer, which is a large wooden cylinder, supplies the proper proportion of flour, another supplies the milk, another the sugar, another the water, etc.

In the mixer there are three spoons or bars revolving alternately, which thoroughly mix the dough.

It is then taken to the floor above, where a row of boxes is placed, in one of which the dough is put to "rise."

When ready for baking, it is taken again to the floor below, unless it is to be used in making soft crackers.

Here it is placed on large trays, and as the workmen knead it they slice off large pieces of the dough and place it in a rolling machine.

It is rolled four or five times until it becomes of the proper thickness, and it is then placed on the cracker-making machine. Before reaching the die it is passed beneath another roller, and at either side of the tray on which it is placed are knives, which trim it to the proper shape.

From the roller the sheet of dough runs under the die, which cuts out the crackers and at the same time stamps the name or other device and makes the "pin-holes."

In stamping square crackers, such as soda-biscuits, there is but little waste; but in cutting out other shapes fully one-half of the dough is not used.

The finished shapes and waste material are passed upon a cloth roller, an iron bar with a toothed edge being so set, at a short distance from the die, that as they pass upon another cloth band the crackers are pushed down upon the original roller, being thence carried to the end of the machine, where they fall upon the trays, which, as soon as they are full, are put upon the swinging shelves in the "reel" oven.

The "trimmings" are taken up and again passed through the machine.

This same pan is pursued in making all hard crackers, the quantity and kinds of ingredients, together with the flavoring used, varying according to the special variety to be made from the dough.

On the third floor the soft crackers, such as macaroons, lady fingers, butter-scotch, honey cake, etc., are made.

Four mixers for the dough of which these are made are placed on this floor. These goods are baked in square ovens.

Some of the finer varieties of crackers are made by hand, but others even of these are made by ingeniously contrived machines. The reporter stood by and saw the method of making "cocoanut drop cake."

A tray placed in a machine moved under an upright receptacle filled with the soft dough forming the body of the cake. This was fed through five or six holes, slowly dropping upon the pan.

Another man then took the pan, and turning it upside down pressed the soft cakes upon a surface of desiccated cocoanut spread on a sheet resting upon water in a tank.

The cakes were then placed in one of the square ovens, and in less than five minutes the reporter had positive knowledge that a cocoanut-drop cake is a delicious morsel.

The fruit for fruit-crackers, the reporter was assured, is the best quality of dried currants.

They are washed and dried and are then carefully picked over by boys and all imperfections removed.

To make fruit-crackers the process is much the same as with other hard crackers.

One of the newest and most peculiar designs is the "charcoal" cracker, in which a small proportion of charcoal is mixed with the dough.

This variety is in considerable demand by dyspeptics, for whom also oatmeal and graham crackers are made.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Humorous.

A cutting talker—The barber.

A clean record—The wash-bill.

The enigma that all must give up—Life.

The watering-cart saves many a man from biting the dust.

Mr. William Doodle—"Yes, Miss Frost, I always wear gloves at night; they make one's hands soft." Miss Frost—"Ah, and do you sleep with your hat on?"

A Kansas woman was upbraiding her husband when a cyclone hove in sight, and with a sigh of relief, the unhappy man ran into the path, and was safely blown into the next county.

A man named Gasbill recently applied to the Arkansas Legislature to change his name, because his girl always objected to his figure when they had a tete-a-tete. She said it was too high, and turned him off.

The old gentleman who got tripped up while trying to cross the ball-room, remarked, as he slowly crawled to a perpendicular, that it was always pleasant to be thrown in the company of young people.

"Mean!" said the Texan man of his neighbor; "why, there isn't a drop of the milk of human kindness in that man's body. He's got a dog that's an elegant match for Jenks' bull-pup, and he won't let 'em fight."

Said a Nevada reformer miner: "The names of bottle and jug, or dive or rum shop are so synonomous of all that is vile and low that I will hereafter have [illegible] from [illegible] I now keep mine on a keg with a [illegible] connected."

Beatty's Organs for Holiday, Birthday or Wedding Presents.

Nothing can be more appropriate for a holiday, birthday, or wedding present than one of Mayor Beatty's fine organs. He offers one of his latest styles, the Mozart, at greatly reduced prices, and prepays all freight, if ordered within [illegible] date of this newspaper. [illegible] 18th page, and order without [illegible] securing the instrument at the lowest possible prices.

A Potato-Digger.

The Monarch Lightning Potato-Digger has been in use for the past five years, and we have been reliably informed that so great is the demand for this important farm implement, that the factory is taxed to its utmost capacity.

The Monarch Manufacturing Co., Chicago, are the sole manufacturers of the Monarch Digger.

Read their advertisement on 14th page.

Consumption Cured.

An [illegible] retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the [illegible] vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Superfluous Hair

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 120 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

THE MILD POWER
CURES
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS
In use [illegible] years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicines known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Diseases and their Cure, Sent Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water brash, heart burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of all disorders of the stomach and bowels. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

HEALTH---BEAUTY.

Strong, Pure and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clear Skin and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

Chronic Diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat.

Purifies the Blood, Restoring Health & Vigor.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

A fresh ady composed of ingredients of extraordinary [illegible] to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK PLEASANT, SAFE AND [illegible] in its treatment and [illegible].

THE SKIN,

After a few days use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots, and skin eruptions are removed, sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of corrosive sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

ALSO

Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS
In from [illegible] minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

It was the first,

AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and other congestions, whether of the [illegible] bowels, or other glands or organs [illegible].

[illegible] should carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and [illegible]. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no [illegible] or deleterious drugs.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

John Wanamaker's STORE

Everything in Dry Goods [illegible] Clothing, Apparel and [illegible] Apparel [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] if not satisfactory. Cata[illegible] free, with details and [illegible] application. JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA

We have the largest retail stock in the United States

Our Young Folks.

THE BUNCH OF POPPIES.

BY PIPKIN.

IT had been noticed from the first that the cousins did not agree well together.

Ada Lacy had been over-indulged, as only children sometimes are.

She had a self-confident disposition, which was fostered by the admiration with which her precocity in accomplishments and general conduct was regarded by her parents.

Strangely enough, too, the neighbors who visited the Lacys were most of them elderly or single people, and there was no large family of healthy boys and girls within such distance as to enable their society to be obtained.

When Ada was thirteen, an aunt and uncle who had been living in Scotland died, and a letter arrived from a Scottish friend to say that their two children Hugh and Jessie, were left in circumstances which necessitated some kindly effort on the part of relatives.

The father's brother was prepared to educate Hugh Graham, if Mr. Lacy—whose sister had been Mrs. Graham—would give Jessie a home.

But this proposal was by no means warmly received, except by Mr. Lacy himself.

Ada pouted on hearing of it, and Mrs. Lacy, seeing her dissatisfaction, asked her husband, "Could you not send her to school?"

"No," said Mr. Lacy firmly; "I cannot afford the extra expense, even if I thought well of it.

"Ada's education is most expensive, and by having my niece here, the governess to whom I pay so large a salary can easily teach both the girls."

Ada felt an angry, jealous pang.

She persuaded herself that this intruder would cause a diminution of her own advantages, and instead of determining to try and like her cousin, harbored nothing but unkind thoughts of her.

When the tall black-robed girl arrived at the pleasant country house, after a four miles' drive in the frosty air, she looked in vain for the young face she had hoped would greet her.

And not until she was summoned by her father did Ada come down to see her guest.

Jessie Graham, like many another Scotch girl, was reserved in manner,

Sorely as she missed the tenderness she had so lately lost, outwardly she was ever quiet and undemonstrative.

This disappointed Ada, as she could not blame her for in any way encroaching on her rights, nor had she any opportunity of checking overtures of affection.

With the governess Jessie was a favorite.

Ada's vexation increased to find that her young cousin, although backward in showy accomplishments, possessed much more solid knowledge than herself.

Sometimes Mr. Lacy, in talking to Jessie, drew from her facts concerning her life in Scotland, and once he said—

"Why, Ada, you must look to your laurels.

"Here's a young scholar for you!" and Ada's resentment was great.

When the garden was being planted in the spring, Mr. Lacy was very busy directing the gardener, and selecting the seeds.

He said to Jessie—

"Would you like to have a bit of ground like Ada's?"

"Oh, so much, indeed I would!" cried Jessie.

"I don't think there's any room," said Ada quickly.

"Then never mind——" began Jessie.

"Not room?

"I'll make room," announced Mr Lacy.

And Ada dared say no more, but followed her father, who led the way to where her own garden was placed.

Here he decided he could do without a plot of ground similar in size to Ada's, and divided from it by some laurel-bushes.

Jessie looked happier and more interested than she had done since her arrival, and next day her uncle came from the town with two new sets of gardening-tools for the girls.

Nothing pleased Ada.

She was jealous that the tools were exactly alike.

She was vexed at Jessie having the same amount of seeds as herself, and of her being a very active, clever gardener.

At last she received balm, getting the present from a lady near of some splendid poppy-plants—the tall Oriental ones.

But she never offered one to Jessie.

When the summer holidays came, and the governess had left for her own home, Jessie found her chief pleasure in her garden.

Mrs. Lacy was so wrapped in love for her own child that she did not notice there were unusual reasons for her liking to Jessie.

She took Ada out visiting, while Jessie contentedly amused herself.

One bright summer's day the two cousins were in their garden, and a poor gipsy girl came in to beg.

She spoke to Jessie, who told her as she would have done in Scotland—to go to the house and perhaps the cook would give her some food.

"Thank you, lady," said the girl, gratefully.

And she passed on to where Ada was standing admiring her scarlet poppies.

"Them's fine!" cried the gipsy warmly.

Ada turned haughtily, and said—

"What do you want here? You must go away at once!"

"The lady said I might ask a bit of bread at the house," said the poor girl.

Ada's jealous temper was roused, and she said loudly, for Jessie to hear—

"This is my house, not hers. We don't allow gipsies here."

Jessie's face flushed, and hearing the lunch-bell ring, she drew some pence from her pocket, and approached the disappointed beggar.

"I am sorry it is not my house.

"If it had been you should have had food.

"But take those pennies and go, poor girl!"

Ada went in to tell her mother, and Jessie followed slowly.

Both thought the beggar had gone away.

She lingered at the gate.

Though the girl was thankful for Jessie's help, she was very hungry, and angered at Ada's scorn.

On the grass near lay a small reaping-hook, and quick as lightning the gipsy seized it, crept behind the laurels on to Ada's garden, and with one or two swift strokes cut down all the splendid poppies.

Then she threw down the hook, and sped from the place.

Jessie saw that her aunt was vexed, and as her uncle was not at home, luncheon passed over unpleasantly.

Directly after luncheon visitors arrived.

Jessie escaped to her own room, and presently she heard voices in the garden, where Ada and her mother had taken the guests.

"Yes, thank you," said Ada to an elderly lady.

"Your poppies are blooming beautifully.

"Let me take you to see them."

They passed on, and Jessie sat down with a book, to try and charm away all the disagreeableness of the morning.

Presently voices disturbed her again.

"My dear Mrs. Lacy, what a trial for you!

"Such a revengeful disposition—so different from Ada!"

What could they be talking about?

Directly after, carriage-wheels announced the departure of the visitor.

Then Jessie heard her aunt calling her, and went downstairs, looking so neat and cool and she presented a curious contrast to the flushed lady and girl who awaited her in the drawing-room.

Mr. Lacy had come in, and was standing in front of the fireplace, looking puzzled.

"What is this about the poppies, Jessie?" asked her uncle gravely.

Anything more innocent than Jessie's astonished face and big blue eyes could not well be imagined.

"What, uncle?"

"Don't add deceit to passion, Jessie!" cried her aunt irritably.

"You know quite well."

"And all—because—I—said—we—didn't—like—gipsies!" sobbed Ada, with angry tears.

"Aunt! Uncle! indeed I do not know what you mean!" exclaimed Jessie, so earnestly that Mr. Lacy could not disbelieve her.

"The case is this, Jessie," he said, alleviating his daughter by raising his hand.

"All the tall poppies in Ada's garden have been cut down.

"You were the only person in the garden after Ada left.

"The gardener and all the servants were at dinner, so suspicion points to you."

Jessie turned pale, and clasped her hands.

"You know," said Mrs. Lacy, "you were angry because Ada interfered with the beggar-girl you had told to go to the house."

"Yes," said Jessie slowly, almost dreamily.

"I was angry with her."

"Then you admit it, Jessie?" cried her aunt, looking with something of pity at the girl.

"You confess you cut down the poppies?"

"No, no! oh no!" cried Jessie.

"I mean I was angry that the poor girl could get no food.

"In Scotland, uncle, we never turn a hungry creature away, and I forgot I was not at home."

Mrs. Lacy looked unbelieving, Ada scornful, and Mr. Lacy—well, his face looked thoroughly uncomfortable.

"I wish it was cleared up," he said.

"I can't believe it of my sister's child.

"I believe your statement, Jessie, and shall make every effort to clear up the matter.

"You can go to your room now."

One pleading glance Jessie gave at her aunt and cousin, but their faces showed only that they thought her guilty. Then she ran to her room, locked the door, and flung herself on her bed.

* * * * * *

A week passed without any explanation, and Jessie looked pale and depressed, when she was roused to a sense of pleasure by her uncle telling her that she might hope to see her brother Hugh next day.

"His friends are sending him to London to study with an engineer, and he will pass a week here on his way."

Beyond a few words of thanks, Jessie said nothing.

She longed to see her brother, who was three years older than herself, but she was ashamed that he should find her in disgrace and under a cloud, although she knew herself innocent.

When, however, the tall lad appeared, she flung herself into his arms with a sense of protection.

Hugh was soon acquainted by his uncle with the suspicions held by his aunt and Ada, and after quietly answering that Jessie had never told a falsehood, he set himself to work to unravel the mystery.

Jessie accompanied him for a walk, and they came to a wild heath, where stood a gipsy encampment.

"I wonder if your gipsy is here?" said Hugh.

Jessie blushed, but glanced amongst the throng, and saw the girl who had been at her uncle's house.

She nodded to her, and held a penny up to call her to her.

The girl darted forward, then suddenly stopped.

"Why doesn't she come?" said Jessie.

Hugh's only reply was to hold out a silver sixpence, which sparkled in the sun, and proved irresistible.

Forward bounded the girl, pushing aside the smaller children, and Jessie smilingly handed her the penny.

Then she listened in astonishment to her brother, who held the sixpence high, and said, taking hold of the girl's wrist—

"This is for you—all of it—if you will tell me the truth.

"Why did you cut down the big red flowers?"

Down went the dark face, and the girl muttered—

"Let me go!

"I didn't."

"Yes, you did.

"Now, no one shall punish you if you tell the truth."

The girl was silent.

Then Jessie pleaded.

"Oh! do tell if you did it,—because—because they say it was I who cut the flowers!"

"It warn't, then.

"You was good to me, and I'll tell you.

"I took the hook and cut 'em all down—ay, every one on 'em!"

And a look of contrition lit up the dark eyes.

Tears of thankfulness were in Jessie's eyes as she turned to her brother.

"Look here," he said to the girl, "this is the sixpence I promised you.

"Now, if you will come back to the house where we live, and tell the lady it was you cut the flowers, no one shall harm you, and I will give you another sixpence."

After some hesitation, the gipsy was persuaded to accompany them.

When they neared the gates Hugh told her to wait outside with his sister till he returned.

Then he sought his uncle, aunt, and cousin, and found them, together with the lady, who had given the poppy-plants, having tea on the lawn.

He first told his uncle, who rose, and with a look of pleasure and relief accompanied him to the gate.

Then they all walked back, and Mrs. Lacy stared with much astonishment at the gipsy.

"We have found the culprit," said Mr. Lacy.

"And now tell the lady what you did, and why."

"I cut down them big poppies," said the girl doggedly, as if repeating a lesson; "an' I did it 'cos she"—pointing to Ada—"turned me away."

The first to speak was the visitor.

"Really! how very strange!

"And you were so sure, my dear, it was your cousin!"

Ada's face crimsoned, and she muttered something unintelligible.

Mrs. Lacy looked helplessly from her husband to her niece, and murmured—

"I'm sure I'm very sorry—it is a most extraordinary thing.

"What a bad girl that must be!"

"Not altogether," said Mr. Lacy quietly.

"She has lacked all our advantages, and perhaps some of us in her case might have been worse.

"Ada, ask cook to put up a good parcel of cake and bread and butter for the girl."

With this and her promised sixpence from Hugh the poor untrained girl went away content.

Perhaps the sweet words Jessie said in thanking her as she left the gate helped to make her step light as she sped back to the wild home of her people.

In the main Ada was the better for this lesson.

When, some months later, Jessie was offered a home once more in Scotland, her cousin felt a pang of reproach that she had so little valued her companionship.

Spoiled one's joy is less

"I shall have all those poppies dug up now.

"I can never bear to remember how I doubted you and made mamma unkind to you."

Jessie looked up gently.

"Don't say that.

"Please give me a root to take with me to my dear Scotland, and never, never were they so beautiful flowers, but remind us of ourselves, our prejudice and suspicion, should enter our hearts against anybody.

"I quite forgive you."

"But you don't love me—you can't!" said Ada.

Jessie blushed, and rose up beside her cousin.

There was something so strange in the thought of love between them.

But there was a wistfulness in Ada's eyes that surely never looked out from them before, and Jessie put her arm round her neck, and whispered shyly—

"I do believe I am beginning to; and perhaps some day we shall meet again, and then, you see, we can quite love each other."

Many changes happened in after years.

Ada herself became motherless; and when her father took her—a softened, unselfish girl—to visit Scotland, she found there a loving friend, and she was also shown in great triumph—a bed of scarlet poppies.

HOW TO PROPOSE.—A bright-eyed girl, who is a skilful angler for hearts, thinks a young man, to be successful, should propose after a very short acquaintance—take the girl by storm, as it were, while she is pleased with a new beau, and before she has time to tire of him.

Then follow the proposal up with vigorous courtship, lots of flowers and bon bons, drives, theatres, parties, etc., and if she consents, insist upon a short engagement by all means.

Another well-known blonde beauty, who has created sad havoc and had much experience in this line, says the only successful way to propose is when least expected.

Allow no time for consideration, and then insist that the acceptance must be now or never.

She feels sure that is the only way that she will ever be captured; but she thinks very few men are bold enough to try that game.

A handsome young widow, well known in society circles, who is not so rich as she was, says that the only successful way to win her is to offer a fine house, horses and carriage, with plenty of money to keep them up.

A dark-eyed girl, with a tangle of soft brown hair shading her brow, says:

"If a fellow is desperately in love with a girl, and is persistent in his efforts to win her, he ought to gain his aunt.

"Widowers understand this point and know exact how to make love and propose, and you will observe they are always successful."

She knows one case where a widower went in and hung up his hat, announcing his intention of remaining until he was accepted, and the girl had to marry him to get rid of him.

A widower beau makes her nervous about the result.

One sweet, dreamy-eyed girl, who is just on the threshold of society, says:

"Love making must be so sweet that she would wish her lover to be a long time making the approaches, and she would not shorten the delight of an engagement: if they tire of each other it would be better before than after marriage.

"She is not particular as to his style, but he must be tall and handsome, and sing and dance well, and, above all, he must know how to make love."

This girl's name must be kept a secret.

One society belle, who has spent several seasons in the "field," says she will give a man all the time he wants to make up his mind to "begin the siege," but when he does begin he must go straight through without showing the "white feather."

She detests "skirmishing;" it only gets one wrought up in the "fray," nothing is accomplished, and it requires all one's nervous force to endure a "campaign" of this nature, to say nothing of the mortification of several defeats.

A handsome, youthful looking matron, the mother of two charming daughters, sufficiently well endowed with this world's goods, gives it as her opinion that the young man should, by all means, make his proposition first to the mother, produce his pedigree and bank account for inspection, then, if his personal appearance and good common sense are also approved, he may be turned over to the young lady.

His intention having been declared the love making may begin.

The daughter says:

"Mamma is not wrong.

"I wouldn't marry a man that went around in that cold-blooded manner.

"I don't want anybody to examine my bank account before they make up their mind to fall in love with me, and as to pedigree, our common grandmother, I am told, was a monkey.

"I am tired of this kind of business, and if he doesn't propose to me because he's afraid of mamma, I'll propose to him.

"Why shouldn't girls have that privilege?"

"WHAT'S that, John: what are you counting?" asked the solicitor [illegible] proprietor of the poker. "Yes, sir, I guess it is." "There are up and [illegible] under the bulb of that [illegible] porch; they'll be here pretty quick, and we must have it down to seventy-five, at least."

MANSION HOUSE, Sept 2, 18—

SIR: I have to acknowledge [illegible] and beg to say that I have [illegible] for the want [illegible] to [illegible] of Hop Bitters sent to me.

W. L. CARR, M.

FOR SOMEBODY'S SAKE.

BY J. E.

As o'er life's mountains and vales
Our pilgrimage journey we take,
We add to our troubles and care,
And heavier burdens we bear,
For somebody's sake.

Though deeply we're wounded by grief,
Though the heart may continue to ache,
Our Sorrows we keep out of sight,
And our faces are smiling and bright
For somebody's sake.

We labor and toil all the day,
And many a sacrifice make,
And at night may be weary and worn
With the trials we've cheerfully borne
For somebody's sake.

Though humble our dwelling may be,
Though simple the food we partake,
Our happiness may be assured,
And poverty's ills be endured
For somebody's sake.

What wondrous tasks we achieve!
What wonderful deeds undertake!
And how sweet is the victory won,
When all we've accomplished was done
For somebody's sake.

The struggle that's only for self
No joy among angels may wake,
But the brightest of crowns will be given
To those who have suffered and striven
For somebody's sake.

DREAMS.

WHAT is a dream? Is it a temporary frolic of the brain, which, released from the guidance of reason, relaxes from rules and laws and indulges in a little incoherent amusement of its own, as the chairs and tables are said to do when the family have gone to bed and the house is still? Does it originate and invent its fantastic images, or are they merely the shadows and echoes of past events? Is it a psychological influence or a spiritual one, or a blending of both? There certainly have been dreams that foretold events which came true, and how then did the sleeper get his premonitory knowledge? Bottles of hot water placed to the feet will produce certain impressions and dreams of a vague and unsatisfactory nature.

Ice applied to the temples will give happy dreams, in which rare colors appear before the dreamer's eyes. But these are effects caused by the bodily sensations, and are communicated to the brain by nerves and not by occult intelligence.

A French writer is quoted as saying that to dream gloriously we must act gloriously while we are awake, and to bring down angels to converse with us in our sleep we must labor in the cause of virtue during the day. There can be no possible doubt that the same idea or train of ideas which pursues us through the day follows us into the land of dreams, and runs up and down the ladder of sleep with a persistency which often is annoying and wearisome. Sometimes the idea that eluded us in the day comes to us at night. Musicians have found a lost chord in their dreams; mathematicians have decided abstruse calculations by the correct figures which their waking minds could not grasp, but which came to them clearly when they were sound asleep, and were with them when they awoke.

Franklin had several of his projects decided for him by dreams. Sir J. Herschel composed poetry in his sleep, which he committed to paper on awakening. Goethe says in his memoirs: "The objects which had occupied my attention during the day often reappeared at night in connected dreams. In the morning I was accustomed to record my dreams on paper." Coleridge composed his poem of the "Abyssinian Maid" in a dream, and it was said of Lord Jeffrey that, although he went to bed at night with events, plans, and dates all in a whirl in his head, during sleep "they crystallized around their proper centres."

It is considered among people of education and refinement a vulgar habit to relate dreams or attach any importance to them; yet we are told of Lord Bacon that he himself records a dream in which he saw his father's house in the country plastered all over with black mortar, and he had no doubt on awaking that he should hear bad tidings. It actually proved true, as his father died on the very night on which he dreamed.

When Postmaster Jewell was dying he awoke from a sleep and inquired if anything was wrong in the family of—, mentioning his brother-in-law's name. They told him there was not, when he remarked, "Very strange!" and added that he had dreamed there was. His brother-in-law had just died, but the family deemed it best to keep the news from him, fearing fatal results.

In the old Bible days young men saw visions and old men dreamed dreams, and great importance was attached to them, as the history of Joseph shows. The Egyptians and Babylonians governed their lives by dreams, as the Chinese do to-day.

Ignorant people fortify themselves with what is called a dream-book. By reading it for an interpretation we find that to dream of snakes denotes an enemy; to dream of money denotes good luck; to dream of a looking-glass, treason; to dream of receiving letters is a good omen; to dream of pearls, poverty and misery; to dream of peanuts, you will be poor, contented, hearty, and happy; to dream of a wedding is a sign of a funeral, and to dream of a funeral you will go to a wedding. It is believed that certain days and conditions will regulate the quality of the dream.

Fortune, marriage, and death are the events which the dreamer is always endeavoring to interpret. The first two belong naturally to those who are beginning life. Gamblers think a great deal of their dreams in regard to cards, but as it is hard to control those erratic messengers, a class of people called fortune-tellers do the dreaming for a consideration, and predict luck.

The queen of hearts is considered favorable to marriage and riches. To dream of this card is great good luck. The jack of spades is an ill omen. There are conditions attached to the objects dreamed of.

If a young man dreams of marrying a pretty girl he will be sure to marry a simpleton; and if a girl dreams she has a nice-looking lover, it is a sure sign she will take up with a putty-head.

There is this peculiarity of dreams: they all stop just short of fulfilment. If we dream of a banquet we awake just as we raise the viands to our lips. We dream of thirst but not of quenching it. We dream of flying, and just as we launch out and are about to enjoy the delightful sensation of floating in space we awake with a bumped head from having come in contact with the floor.

Grains of Gold.

What men want is not talent—it is purpose.

Study the past, if you would divine the future.

To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is better.

Nothing good is ever effected without perseverance.

We are never so good as when we possess a joyful heart.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.

Prove yourself grateful. A grateful heart can never be a wicked heart.

In order to enjoy the present, it is necessary to be intent on the present.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you as they please.

Learn how to help yourself, and take care of yourself as much as possible.

Disparage and depreciate no one; an insect has feeling and an atom of a shadow.

However things may seem, no evil thing is a success, and no good thing is a failure.

If you would learn self-mastery, begin by yielding yourself to the One Great Master.

Every part of the soul, if it comes to any largeness of strength, goes through discipline.

Bow to destiny. One of these days destiny may be polite enough to return the compliment.

The man who steps out of his way to injure another, deserves, and will surely meet, with reprisal.

Do you wish that work should never weary you? Think that you are giving pleasure to another.

A sure means of overcoming a dislike which we entertain for any one is to do him a little kindness every day.

A good conscience is the palace of Christ; the temple of the Holy Ghost; the paradise of delight; the standing Sabbath of the saints.

Such is the encouragement given to flattery, in the present times, that it is made to sit in the parlor, while honesty is turned out of doors.

You never read God's word to profit but as it teaches you to pray while you read. You go nowhere in a spirit of safety but as you go in a spirit of prayer.

Religion is a necessary, an indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. It is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to His Throne.

I've seen some old broken bowls planted out with the bonniest flowers and mosses, and I've thought if it had not been for their misfortune they would never have come to such honor and beauty.

Were we not false to the mighty principles of Love Divine, and traitors, and in league with our enemies, the gospel would be our champion against all adversities, and maintain for us a perpetual communion with God.

The stimulating power and comfort of sympathy none can express save he who has realized it. It has a power like the magnet, unseen but potent, which draws to itself the wandering, scattered particles that exist around it.

Femininities.

The egotism of woman is always for two.

Love decreases when it ceases to increase.

The Princess Beatrice of England is troubled with rheumatism.

After the nuptial knot is tied, many find that it is not what they expected.

Bob Burdette says that his invalid wife made him all he is. That's right; blame it to your wife.

Ex-Empress Eugenie is reported to be rapidly breaking down from dyspepsia and depression.

Statistics show that French women live, on an average, thirteen years longer than French men.

A wife thought she was smart in capturing her husband's latch-key, and he stayed out all night.

In a social game of cards it is estimated that a woman asks "What's trumps?" seventeen times a minute.

It transpires that Mme. Janauschek's name translated from the Bohemian into pure Anglo-Saxon, is Johnson.

The Princess of Wales has disgusted the London milliners by setting the fashion for bonnets of very plain make.

New York women "stitch, stitch" on machine-made shirts for four cents each, and get from twelve to fifteen cents for those made nearly all by hand.

"Dear lady, please help an unfortunate man. I ain't had no work at my trade since last winter." "Poor man! What is your trade?" "Shovelin' snow, mum."

Senator Chandler's widow has given $1000 to establish a scholarship in the Chicago Woman's Medical College for the benefit of women who intend to become missionaries.

The Boston girls who got lost in the woods in the White Mountains the other day did not cry "Help!" but, "Three ladies in this direction are in urgent need of assistance."

A New York merchant offered his wife $5,000 not to bleach her hair. She bleached, and now regrets that she did not accept his offer, since the bleached tresses are out of style.

The smell of fresh paint in a room may be effectually gotten rid of by placing therein a pail of water in which a few onions have been sliced. To take away the smell of the onions burn the house down.

An English paper says: Of the 259,547 owners of land set down in the New Doomsday Book, no less than 37,806 are women. Thus, one land-owner in seven is excluded from any voice in the government of the country.

"There are two things," remarked a shrewd old lady, "which, no matter how you look, the world will never dispute you on. One is putting your age up high, and the other is setting your capacity down low."

A Montana woman sued for divorce because her husband kissed the servant girl. "You want this man punished?" asked the judge. "I do," said she. "Then," said the judge, "I shall not divorce you from him."

A celebrated circus manager is on the hunt for a new curiosity for his show. He is seeking to find a young married man whose wife can cook as well as his mother did. Twenty-six States have been explored thus far without success.

The Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the West is to send a petition to the Queen of England and Empress of India, petitioning her to abolish child marriage in India. The petitions will have many thousand signatures.

When it conquers, it is commonly in the dark; by treachery and undermining, by calumny and detraction. Envy is no less foolish than detestable; it is a vice which they say keeps no holiday, but is always in the wheel, and working upon its own disquiet.

Susan B. Anthony says that there are one thousand women practicing medicine in England, and that, so far as she has been able to learn, "they kill as large a proportion of their patients, and receive as exorbitant fees for so doing, as male practitioners."

A young lady in Cleveland was shot some three or four weeks ago, the bullet lodging in her head. She rapidly improved, and not only goes about the house but goes shopping, to the great fear of her physician, who declares that she is not yet out of danger.

Poots' wife remarked to him, as they started out the other night to take supper with the Browns, that she expected Mrs. B would have a stunning coiffure. "Well, I'm sure I hope so," grumbled Poots. "I haven't had anything good to eat since the last time we were at mother's."

While thirty couples were spooning on the porch of a Long Branch hotel the other night, some wicked wretch stuck his head around the corner and shouted: "Look out! Here comes your husband!" Immediately twenty women uttered suppressed shrieks, and, arising, hastily fled to their rooms.

A gentleman who observed Johnnie carefully taking the census of a company assembled in the parlor awaiting a call for supper, exclaimed: "What is the matter, Johnnie?" "Why," returned the urchin, with a troubled air, "there's nine of us, counting me, and mamma has gone and cut the two pies into quarters, and that only makes eight pieces."

Among the curiosities taken by Joseph Bonaparte from Madrid was a ring containing a lock of Queen Elizabeth's hair when fourteen years of age, that period of life when Blanche Perry described her as "my lovely young mistress." The ring is traditionally glorified by a pervading belief that it was presented to Elizabeth by Sir Thomas Seymour, her earliest lover, who had in her youth so many opportunities of "beseeching the golden honors of her queenly hair."

News Notes.

Sponge is woven into cloth in France.

Dwarfs die of premature old age, giants of exhaustion.

Colored popcorn killed a Cleveland boy the other day.

Whale meat is said to be most nutritious and palatable.

It is estimated that the peanut crop will be worth $3,000,000.

Westchester county, N. Y., produces 100,000,000 pickles yearly.

Athens has had horse cars for five months, and the first line is making money.

An Ohio woman, 32 years old, has sued a boy 18 years old for breach of promise.

Japan has 497,838 more males than females. A chance for some of our superfluity.

A brisk rubbing with sand-paper will, it is stated, restore yellowish knife and fork handles.

It is said that the income of Senator Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, is one thousand dollars a day.

A man at Canton, Conn., is reported to

Chicago has a crank whose insanity takes the educational form of a street lecture on pronunciation.

A Chester man, when the folks came home, said he had been using tablecloths for bed sheets.

An effort to compel the French railroads to use cars built on the American plan has been a failure.

When Henry Ward Beecher was at Grand Forks, Dak., he was invited to umpire a baseball match.

Eels are a favorite food in Berlin, where, it is estimated, no less than 500 tons of them are annually eaten.

Every Massachusetts citizen who sets out four trees by the highway is allowed $1 abatement of his highway tax.

The biggest divorce crop yet heard of was raised last year by Cuyahoga county, Ohio. The suits numbered 340.

The value of the poultry consumed in the United States annually is estimated at $300,000,000, or $6 to each inhabitant.

A Chinese doctor at Phœnix, Arizona Territory, was fined $100 because his diploma turned out to be only a laundry list.

Because his girl went back on him, a North Carolina man named Comfort committed suicide by swallowing a paper of pins.

A Preachers' Convention was recently held at Creston, Ia., at which each attendant was presented with a brood of live chickens.

King Humbert, of Italy, wanted to insure his life for $600,000, but the Italian companies refused him, because crowned heads are bad risks.

Williamson county, Tennessee, produces, among other big things, tomatoes measuring sixteen inches in circumference, and weighing over two pounds.

Wong Chin Foo, editor of the Chinese American, in New York, wants somebody to advance him $10,000 to establish a Chinese theatre in that city.

Mr. Garret, a Georgian, was recently struck by lightning, but was not hurt, the electricity merely taking all the hair from his head, which was left perfectly bald.

A half or three-quarters of an hour, says a London paper, is the longest time a growing child should be kept at one task, or even at the same description of work.

When the Rev. Robert Collyer preached at Ilkley, Eng., recently, he was able to point to the churchyard gates as the work of his own hands when he was a toiler at the forge.

An artificial hill, which can be set up anywhere, is the device of a Bostonian for providing coasting for the boys all the year round. It has greased grooves for the runners.

It is an error to suppose that Neapolitans and Sicilians eat next to nothing but macaroni. Not a fifth of the population of Naples tastes it more than once a week, and not a fifth of that fifth on Sunday. It is too costly. Indian meal is the staple food.

A hen in Warren county, O., has hatched fourteen eggs into fourteen little black snakes. She seems to love her horrible brood, and they obey her warning "chucks" by squirming under her sheltering wings.

The Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon has signified his willingness to allow the remains of Shakspeare to be exhumed. The object is to compare the skull of the poet with the bust and portraits of him.

A steamboat made almost entirely of paper is about to be launched on the Ohio River. It is about twenty feet in length, and can carry several tons. The sheathing is of solid paper three-eighths of an inch thick.

A Kearney, Neb., physician is said to have worked up a large practice, in his mind, by hiring a small boy to come to the church he attended on Sundays, and hastily call him out, for which service the boy received 15 cents.

A French officer who has witnessed the impassibility of Mongolian criminals under the most atrocious tortures, comes to the conclusion that the nervous system of the Chinese and kindred people is so different from that of Europeans that they are not capable of the suffering of more highly organized races.

TREAT PROMPTLY CRAMPS, DIARRHŒA, Asiatic Cholera, and all Bowel Affections, with Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, and you will obtain speedy relief, and promote a certain cure.

Facetiæ.

At a stand-still—The peanut business.

The pen is mightier than the sword, but it can never hope to compete with the toy pistol.

In old times barbers used to pull teeth and bleed people. Now they talk them to death, just for a change.

"He may have been a little crooked," remarked the undertaker, mournfully, over the remains of a bank cashier, "but I guess I can straighten him."

Among the unspeakable mysteries that even the day of resurrection will fail to unravel is the reason a box of boarding-house matches never lasts more than one day.

Physicians prescribe Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator for Heart Disease in all its forms. Sold by druggists.

Aleck likes to have things convenient. When told to hang up his hat, he replied: "Mamma, wouldn't it be nice if I had a nail on each side of my head to hang my hat on?"

Well spoken of at home. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator—a cure for Heart Disease. Price, $1; 6 for $5.

A celebrated organist slipped off his bench recently while playing a Bach fugue as postlude. He was immediately expelled from the church as a Bach-slider, and is now a fugue-tive.

ONE million Prize Puzzles are being gratuitously distributed throughout the United States by the Van Stan's Stratena Co., Limited, of Philadelphia, (Manufacturers of the celebrated cement), who offer One Hundred Dollars in Prizes for correct solution. All druggists, grocers, stationers, or newsdealers have the puzzle, or can get it for you without charge.

MUSIC
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ONE HUNDRED
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The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 10 cents in currency or postage stamps, we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

music and words, to any address. Among them we may mention the following:

A Violet from Mother's Grave.
Tripping o'er the hills.
Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore.
I'm Getting a Big Boy Now.
Katey's Letter.
O Fred, tell them to Stop!
One Bumper at Parting.
Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Oh, Lucinda.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
Meet me To-night.
Angel Faces o'er the River.
Yes, I'll Love You When You're Old.
Te'l de Children Good-bye
Hardly Ever.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

DIME MUSIC CO.,
Address 726 Sansom Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

AYER'S Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1892, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

AGENTS WANTED

Sawing Made Easy
Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine!

A boy 16 years old can saw logs FAST and EASY. Miles Murray, Portage, Mich., writes: "Am much pleased with the MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE. I sawed off a 30-inch log in 2 minutes." For sawing logs into suitable lengths for family stove-wood, and all sorts of log-cutting, it is peerless and unrivaled. Illustrated Catalogue, Free. AGENTS WANTED. Mention this paper. Address MONARCH MANUFACTURING CO., 163 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN WANTED
To canvass for the sale of our Nursery stock. No previous experience required. Salary and expenses paid. Our Nursery established 1866—one of the largest in the United States. Address
W. & T. SMITH, Geneva Nursery, Geneva, N. Y.

Agents Make money selling our family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 197 Pearl St., New York.

Agents Wanted for the best and fastest selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Phila., Pa.

50 New Chromos, no 2 alike, name on 10c. 13 pk. $1. Prizes given. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum Ct.

THIS ELEGANT RING SENT FREE!

The publisher of the well-known and popular literary and family paper, **The Cricket on the Hearth**, wishing to secure 150,000 new subscribers for the next three months, and believing that all who so subscribe will be so delighted with the paper that they will thereafter renew their subscriptions for the year to come, now makes the following *unprecedented offer*: Upon receipt of only **Twenty-Five Cents** in postage stamps, we will send **The Cricket on the Hearth** for **Three Months**, and to every subscriber we will send **Free as an Elegant Heavy Rolled Gold Plate Band Ring**, *suitable for lady or gentleman*. These rings have been manufactured expressly to our order, to be given away to subscribers to our paper. They are warranted *genuine Rolled Gold Plate*, cannot be distinguished from solid gold rings, and are guaranteed to wear well and give perfect satisfaction. Do not confound this ring with the cheap, worthless washed affairs advertised by irresponsible parties. Remember this ring is *warranted* just as represented. It is suitable for lady or gentleman, would make a beautiful present for either, and is worth more than double the amount we ask for both it and a three-months' subscription to our paper. State size you wear according to the numbered circles here given. Do not send strings or slips of paper. You can ascertain the number of your size by trying another ring over the circles. Remember, we will send one of these beautiful, valuable and durable rings *free* to any one sending 25 cents for a three months' subscription to our paper. The Cricket on the Hearth is a mammoth 16-page, 64-column *Illustrated* paper, filled with charming Serial and Short Stories, Sketches, Poems, Useful Knowledge, Puzzles, Games and Stories for the Young. Wit and Humor, and everything to amuse, entertain and instruct the whole family. You will be delighted with it, as well as with the valuable premium we offer. Five subscriptions and five Rings will be sent for $1.00; therefore, by getting four of your friends to send with you, you will secure your own paper and premium free. This great offer is made solely to introduce our paper, and is the most liberal ever made by any reliable publisher; take advantage of it at once. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.* As to our reliability, we refer to any publisher in New York. Address

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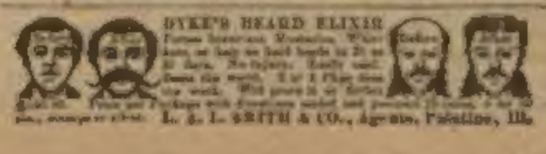
VOLTAIC BELT
BEFORE — AND — AFTER
Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial.
TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD,
WHO are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, LACK OF NERVE FORCE AND VIGOR, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration of HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. The grandest discovery of the Nineteenth Century. Send at once for illustrated Pamphlet free. Address
VOLTAIC BELT CO., MARSHALL, MICH.

BRANSON KNITTER
PRICE, $25.00.

For Manufacturing or Family use, is now known throughout America and Europe as the simplest and best Knitting Machine ever made. Makes seamless hose, double heel and toe. Runs either by hand or power. Capacity from 6 to 8 dozen pairs of socks per day. A child can use them. For circulars address JAMES L. BRANSON, 305 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.



PENN MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO. of PHILA.

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Thirty-five years' Successful Business.
All approved forms of Life and Endowment Policies issued. Policies absolutely *non-forfeitable* for "reserve" value, and *incontestable* after three years, except for fraud.

TO CONQUER THAT
BLUE DEVIL
DISEASE
Use the Only Homeopathic Remedy
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Thirty Powders, TEN DAYS TREATMENT. PRICE, - $1.00.

Your POWDERS give early relief and, in my case, a permanent cure. MAJOR JOS. ANTHONY, *Gen'l Sup't Lykens Valley Coal Co.*, Harrisburg, Pa.

I have used your DYSPEPSIA POWDERS with marvelous success, and rejoice in the knowledge that the most horrible of all diseases can be cured. You are at liberty to refer to Yours respectfully, JAS. A. STACKHOUSE, *Ticket Receiver P. R. R. Co.*, Broad St. Station, Philada.

Mailed to any Address on Receipt of Price.

DYSPEPSIA

The trouble is no longer the want of sleep, but the want of time to sleep, and no more confused, but pleasant, dreams. A. H. STONER, Harrisburg, Pa.

Your POWDERS have cured me, after trying many other remedies. ROBERT D. MILLER, Harrisburg, Pa.

RETAIL DRUGGISTS SUPPLIED BY JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO. *609 Arch St., Philadelphia.*

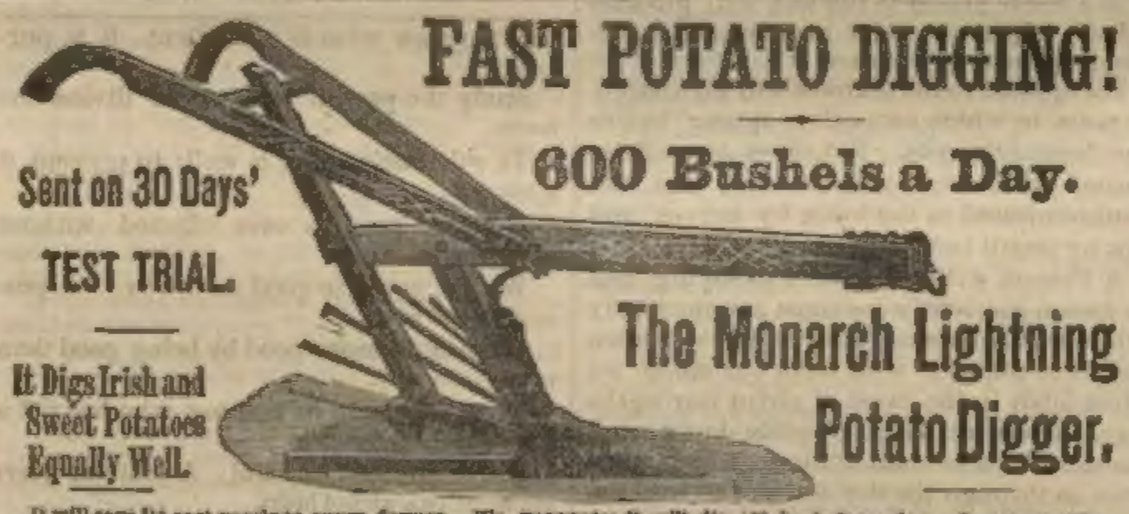
POWDERS.

The Yokohama Tea Store, O'Neill Bros. & Co. PORT HURON, Michigan.
DEAR SIRS:—Could get no relief from physicians or Pepsin. The action of your POWDERS is something wonderful. Yours truly, P. J. O'NEILL.

TEMPLE OF PHARMACY, *No. 830 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Orders by mail. Address, FRANK E. ENGELMAN, 1838 Seybert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FAST POTATO DIGGING!
600 Bushels a Day.



It will save its cost yearly to every farmer. We *guarantee* it will dig 600 bushels per day. One man with a team can dig as fast as fifteen persons can pick up. The potatoes are gathered without being cut or bruised, and cleaner than is usually done with a hoe. Every Digger is sent on 30 days' trial so that there is absolutely no risk in buying. We want an agent in every County in United States and Canada to exhibit our Digger this fall at the State and County Fairs. We will furnish circulars *free*, and pay your newspaper advertising bills in your County. Don't fail to mention this paper, and *write quick* for illustrated circulars giving prices, terms, &c.

Read These Fresh Testimonials and Notice the Late Dates.

TUPPER, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1892.
Monarch Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.—Dear Sirs: The Monarch Lightning Potato Digger has been received. *Have tested it and* AM VERY MUCH PLEASED WITH IT. I think it will suit the people very well, at least *those who have seen it* like it very much. If I should order twenty-five Diggers, would the freight be cheaper in proportion than on a single Digger? How many will a car hold? Yours, &c., FRANK J. BARNES.

LOUDEN, Iowa, Aug. 13, 1892.
Monarch Mfg. Co.—Gentlemen: The Monarch Lightning Potato Digger arrived in good order. I have tried it and *it works to a charm!* Enclosed please find P. O. money-order for $30, for which *send me two more Diggers* as soon as possible. In regard to advertising you might advertise in the "Conservative" and "Advertiser" papers at Tipton. Send me some circulars *for* advertising. Yours truly, H. D. EHRMANN, Agent.

GENTRYVILLE, Spencer Co., Ind., Aug. 9, 1892.
Monarch Mfg. Co.—Dear Sirs: I just write you a few lines to let you know what success I have had with the Monarch Lightning Potato Digger. I received it to-day at 1:30 o'clock and thoroughly tested it in the potato field, and sold 3 Diggers in 3 hours. I will give the agency my whole time, and travel around the County with a wagon-load of Diggers. Please to have an advertisement put in the Rockport "Sentinel." I want to tell you that the Digger *exceeded by far my anticipations*, after giving it a hard test. The ground was very hard and dry and covered all over with grass, and the Digger worked splendid. I would not take $50 for it and go without it. Two men can't pick up the potatoes fast enough. I have sent money by express. Ship 3 Diggers right away.
Yours Respectfully, GEORGE HOLLIS.

NEW WATERFORD, Ohio, Aug. 28, 1892.
Monarch Mfg. Co., Chicago—Dear Sirs: I got your Digger and have been digging some potatoes with it. *It digs well*, although the ground is grassy. We are going to have a Fair in two weeks and it will be a good place to sell. Yours truly, HIRAM METZ.

The Monarch Lightning Potato Digger has been in use for the past five years, and we have been reliably informed that so great is the demand for this important farm implement that the factory is taxed to its utmost capacity.—*From Indiana Farmer, Indianapolis, Ind., July 14, 1892.*

COMPETENT AGENTS WANTED AT $1,000 SALARY AND COMMISSION.

You will lose all opportunities of selling Diggers this year, if you don't write quick for illustrated circulars, giving prices, &c. You can coin *money* selling our Diggers. Address,

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AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. Circulars free. Harbach Organ Co., Philada., Pa.

PATENT MEDICINES—Send for Prices. William T. TOTTEN, 67 N. Tenth St., Phila., Pa.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Middleway, W. Va., July 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

A. C. H.

Kingsclear, Canada, July 30, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

G. A. H.

Morning Sun, O, July 19, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

J. A. K.

Ford River, Mich., July 23, '83.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

S. G. D.

Anna, Ill., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

M. E.

Elizabeth, N. J., July 19, '83.

Mason, Ill., July 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

H. A. A.

Conyers, Ga., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

W. J. L.

Manteno, Ill., July 22, '83.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

N. C. H.

Echo, Tenn., July 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

S. A. B.

Pleasant Grove, Utah, July 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

O. P. D.

New Castle, Ala., July 24, '83.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

Y. E. M.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M. J. M. P.

Saybrook, Ill., July 21, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

E. E. C.

Cambellsport, Wis., July 18, '83.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

L. H.

Williamston, N. C., July 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

L. L. F.

Lewisburg, Neb., July 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

(R. H. J.

West Lafayette, O., July 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

H. S. S.

Stevenson, Ala., July 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot all to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. G. C.

BEATTY'S ORGANS. 27 STOP ORGANS ONLY $57.00

Fully Warranted SIX (6) Years.

A Magnificent Holiday, Birthday, or Wedding Present.

If you are in need of a Cabinet Organ for your Parlor, Lodge, Church, or Sabbath School, order the "MOZART," or if you are unable to buy an instrument at present, please write me, stating your reasons why. Let me hear from you anyway, whether you buy or not. Please call your friends' attention to this advertisement. In this way you can aid me in making sales. Every Twenty-seven Stop Organ sold sells others, because they are the best, and bring forth, at command of the performer, greatest amount, combinations, and variety of music equal to a Church Pipe Organ, costing from $1,500 to $3,000. BEATTY'S PATENT STOP ACTION, which is fully secured at the United States Patent Office. Grand effects are obtained, from a mere whisper to a grand burst of harmony. The instrument must be heard to be appreciated. Read the following brief description, and, if possible, send your order without delay. **27 STOPS AS FOLLOWS:**

1. Double Octave Coupler.—Doubles the power of the Organ. Couples all octaves.

2. Powerful Bob Sub-Bass.—New and original. The thundering tones produced are without a parallel in Organ building.

3. Voix Celeste.—The sweet, pure, exalted tones produced are beyond description.

4. Piccolo.—Variety of music which makes the Piccolo the most difficult and expensive to build in the world.

5. French Horn.—A stop which imitates a full orchestra and brass band.

6 Saxophone.—The beautiful effect of this Stop is "Beatty's favorite." It is very excellent and adds greatly to this wonderful Organ.

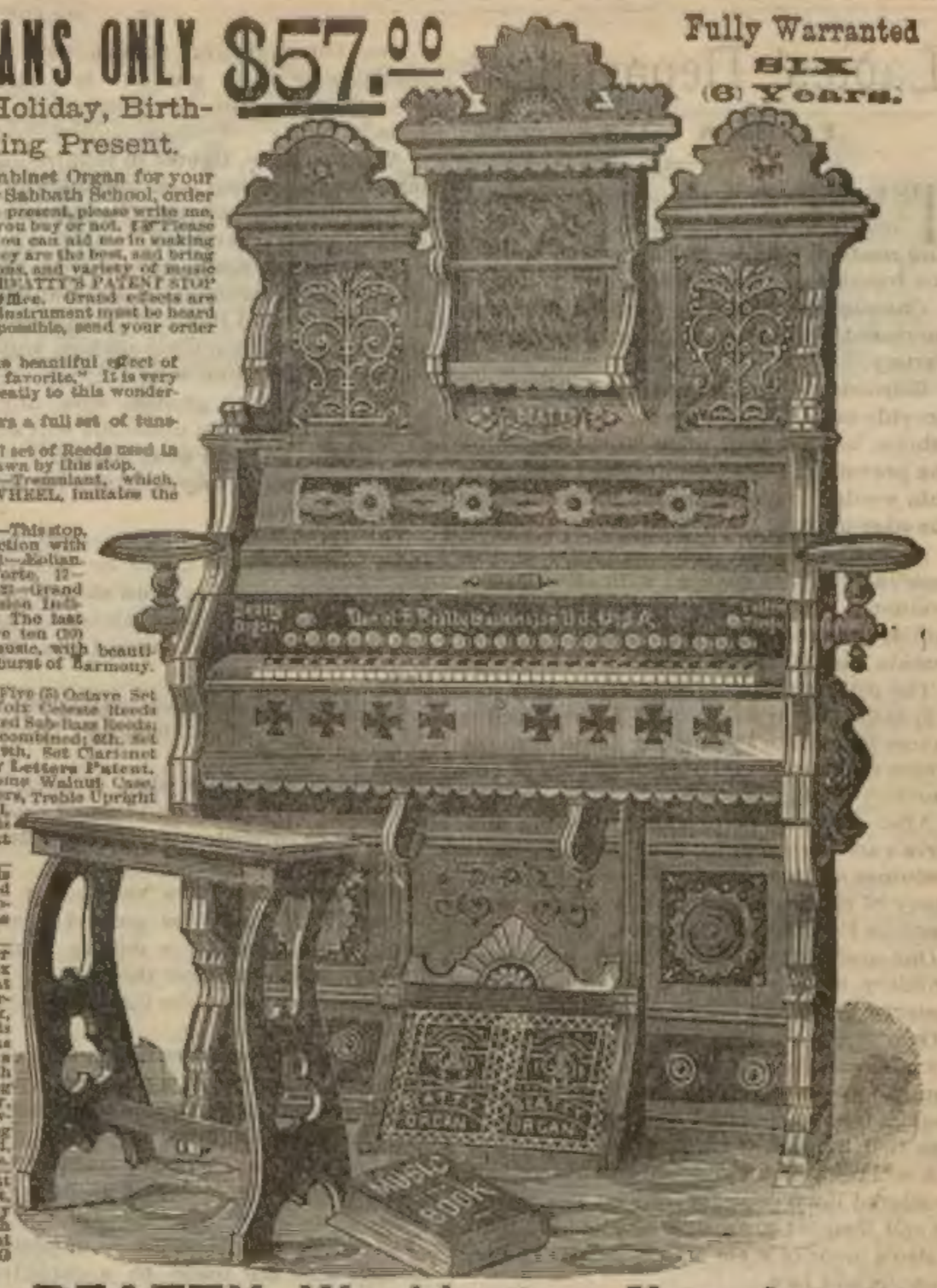
7. Diapason.—Draws a full set of tuned Golden Reeds.

8. Dulciana.—A full set of Reeds used in ordinary organs is drawn by this stop.

9. Vox Humana.—Tremulant, which, by the aid of a FAN WHEEL, imitates the human voice.

10. Vox Jubilante.—This stop, when used in conjunction with Stops Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6, peals forth most delightful music. 11—Æolian. 12—Clarionet. 13—Cello. 14—Violina. 15—Carabella. 16—Grand Forte. 17—Melodia. 18—Bourdon. 19—Viol di Gamba. 20—Viola Dolce. 21—Grand Expressione. 22—Harp Æolian. 23—Echo. 24—Aerostatic Expression Indicator. 25—Orchestral Forte. 26—Grand Organ. 27—Expression. The last seventeen (17) Stops are operated in direct conjunction with above ten (10) bringing forth, at command of the performer, most charming music, with beautiful orchestral effect, from a mere whisper, as it were, to a grand burst of harmony. Height, 73 inches; Depth, 24 inches; Length, 48 inches.

NINE (9) SETS GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS, as follows: 1st, Five (5) Octave Set Diapason Reeds; 2d, Five (5) Full Set Dulciana Reeds; 3d, Sweet Voix Celeste Reeds of three Full Octaves; 4th, One (1) Full Octave Powerful Manual Boxed Sub-Bass Reeds; 5th, Two (2) Octaves or one each of Piccolo and Saxaphone Reeds combined; 6th, Set Soft Cello Reeds; 7th, Set Violina Reeds; 8th, Set Jubilante Reeds; 9th, Set Clarionet Reeds. Above Nine Sets Reeds are entirely original, and covered by **Letters Patent.** **FIVE FULL OCTAVES, One Manual or Keyboard,** Handsome Walnut Case, Receptacle for Book and Sheet Music, Lamp Stands, Handles, Rollers, Treble Upright Bellows of **immense power,** Steel Springs, &c. Right Knee Swell, also Left Grand Organ Knee Swell, by which the **full power** of this Organ may be obtained at pleasure, by use of the Knee, **without removing the hands from the keyboard.**



A SPECIAL OFFER. I am determined to have this beautiful instrument introduced without a moment's delay. Hence the following special offer, providing order is given and remittance made within the limited time as specified in advertisement.

Daniel F. Beatty, Hereby agrees under his own signature to box and deliver upon cars at Washington, New Jersey, with Bench, Book, and Music, one of his "MOZART" Organs upon receipt of this Notice, together with only $57.00, providing order is given within thirteen days from date of this newspaper, or, if you order within five days, a further deduction of $2 will be allowed, and ALL FREIGHTS WILL BE PREPAID, the regular price being $115 without the Bench, Book, and Music. Money promptly refunded, with interest at 6 per cent., if not just as represented after 1 year's use.

Be very particular to give Name, Post Office, County, State, Freight Station, and on what Railroad. ☞ Be sure to remit by Bank Draft, P. O Money Order, Registered Letter, or by Bank Check. You may accept by telegraph on last day and remit by mail on that day, which will secure this special offer. I desire this magnificent instrument introduced without delay, hence this special price, PROVIDING ORDER IS GIVEN IMMEDIATELY. VISITORS WELCOME.

Address or Call upon the Manufacturer, **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

$40,000 IN PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY!

This Offer Good Till Thanksgiving Day Only.

The proprietors of the **FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE,** being desirous of having their already well-known and popular Agricultural and Family paper more widely circulated and introduced into houses where it is not already known, have determined to throw off all profit this year, and in addition use a portion of their capital for the sole purpose of increasing their circulation to **100,000** copies. Its circulation is now **65,000.** Only **35,000** more needed before the distribution takes place. After deciding to more extensively advertise than ever before, the following plan has been adopted by us:

FOR 50 CENTS

We will enter your name on our subscription book and mail the **FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE** regularly to you for Six Months and immediately send a **printed numbered Receipt,** which will entitle the holder to one of the following Presents to be given away at our **THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL.**

Partial List of Presents to Be Given Away.

5	U. S. Government Bonds of $1000	$5000	00
10	U. S. Greenbacks of $500	5000	00
10	U. S. Greenbacks of $100	1000	00
1	Matched pair of Trotting Horses	1000	00
1	Grand Square Piano	800	00
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1	Three-seat Rockaway	200	00
1	Silver Dinner Service	150	00
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20	U. S. Greenbacks of $50 each	1000	00
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1000	Gents' Pocket Knives	1000	00
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3	Normandy Work Horses	500	00
2500	Elegant Oleograph Pictures	2500	00
5	Raw Silk Parlor Suit Furniture	1000	00
1500	Gold Finger Rings, Ladies' Breast Pins, Gents' Scarf Pins, Lockets, Fans and Chains.		

And 92,935 other presents valued from 25 cents to $1.00, which makes a grand aggregation of 100,000 presents, thus guaranteeing a present to each and every new subscriber who sends in **50 Cts.** as directed.

All of the above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner by committee chosen at the Festival by the Subscribers; this festival will take place without fail. It will not be necessary for subscribers to attend the Festival, as presents will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada. Yet it is to be hoped as many will be present as possible. **THE 50 CENTS** which you send us is the regular price for Six Months' subscription, and therefore we charge nothing for the presents. **OUR PROFIT** will be in your future patronage, as we believe you will like our paper so well that you will always remain a subscriber.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FREE. Get five of your friends to join you by cutting this out and showing it to them. Send us $2.50 and we will send you the **FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE** for six months, and a numbered receipt for each of your subscribers and one extra for your trouble.

SEND TEN SUBSCRIBERS with $5 and we will send 12 subscriptions and twelve numbered receipts. We shall limit the number of new subscriptions to 100,000, so we would advise all our friends to forward subscriptions early.

THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE

is one of the oldest and ablest edited Family and Agricultural papers. It contains twenty large pages (Eighty Columns), including elegant cover, bound, Patched and cut. And now has a circulation of 65,000 copies, and we are sure to reach the **100,000** at the time set, and the distribution of presents will take place on that date. It contains **Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Farm, Garden, Household and Agricultural Departments by the best Contributors of the day,** as well as an **Illustrated Fashion Department, Needle and Embroidery Work.** Illustrations of different parts of the UNITED STATES and Biographical Sketches of Eminent Men and Women. In short, it contains that which will interest, instruct and amuse the whole family.

THE PROPRIETORS are men of means, who always have done as they agree, and our paper is long established and reliable, with sufficient capital to carry out and fulfill to the letter any offer we may make.

TO THOSE WHO DO NOT ATTEND THE FESTIVAL we will send a printed List of the Awards, and all Presents will be forwarded to Holders of Receipts as they may direct. If you have not seen this elegant and beautiful paper, send for a Sample Copy which will be Sent Free.

ONLY 50 CENTS secures the **FARM, FIELD & FIRESIDE** Six Months, and a numbered receipt. The paper is worth double the subscription price. *As to our reliability we refer those who do not know us to any reputable Publisher in Chicago.*

Money in sums of $1.00 or less may be sent in ordinary letter at our risk, larger sums should be sent by Registered Letter, P. O. money order or Express. (Mention This Paper.)

REMEMBER these are Presents to our Subscribers given to them absolutely Free. Cut this out and show to friends, acquaintances and neighbors, as it will not appear again, and is the last opportunity you will have to take advantage of this extraordinary offer. Two-cent Postage Stamps taken in sums less than $1.00.

The FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, 89 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

Read These Testimonials.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21, 1883.

We have furnished the paper for the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE for several months, and have always found its Proprietors honorable in their dealings, and prompt in their payments.

CHICAGO PAPER CO.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21, 1883.

The Proprietors of the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE have paid me several thousand dollars for press-work on their paper. I have always found them prompt in all transactions. A. G. NEWELL.

August 15, 1883.

I am highly pleased with your paper. The information concerning Poultry management alone is worth five times the price of your paper, saying nothing about the valuable Farm information and interesting stories, etc. W. R. SIMPSON.

SILIPUP, Morgan Co., Ala.

BRAIDWOOD, Ill., Aug. 11, 1883.

I am very much pleased with your paper. Every number seems to me to become more attractive and profitable. I have shown it to several of my friends, who were at once delighted with it. Mrs. J. F. EHLE.

WAUKEON, O., Aug. 11, 1883.

I received a copy of the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE some days ago and must say that I was well pleased with it. I find it *a first-class journal for the farmers,* of whom I am one. With such an agricultural journal every farmer can receive much benefit. M. H. HAYES.

MEXICO, Juniata Co., Pa., July 24, 1883.

I herewith send you the names of fifteen subscribers to the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, which I secured in less than as many minutes. H. L. SHUMAN.

SOUTH UNION, Ky., July 13, 1883.

It is certainly the best paper I ever saw, neat, plain, instructive and beautifully illustrated. E. L. HOTZ.

ILDERTON, ONT., Aug. 3, 1883.

I have lately been a subscriber to your tasty and profitable paper, and must say I am More than pleased with it. I gave my subscription, in the first place, more to have a chance for one of the many presents than for anything contained in the paper; but I find the paper is worth three or four times the money beside all presents.

S. W. PAISLEY.

PORTSMOUTH, VA., July 9, 1883.

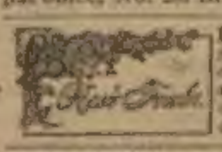
I received the papers all right and am delighted. My friends and subscribers say they are surprised at its size and beauty. Every person that has seen the paper acknowledges it to be the best paper printed, and say it is *worth $2 per year.*

TIMOTHY MOSELEY.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S system.

Those who value immunity from strangulated rupture, and the comforts of physical soundness, should lose no time in securing the benefits of his treatment and remedies. His book, containing likenesses of bag cases before and after cure, with evidence of his success, and indorsements from distinguished physicians, clergymen, merchants, farmers, engineers, and others, is mailed to those who send ten cents. Principal office, No. 251 Broadway, N. Y.



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Splendid 20 Latest Style Chromo Cards, name an 10c. Premium with 2 packs. E. H. Pardee, New Haven Ct.

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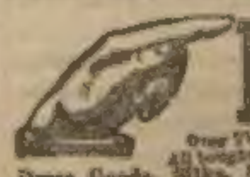
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

GUNS

Lowest prices ever known on **Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers.** **OUR $15 SHOT-GUN** at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1883-84. P. POWELL & SON, 306 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.



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80 CARDS

BEST QUALITY. New designs in Satin and Gold finish, with name, 10 cts. We offer $100 for a pack of cards any nicer work, or prettier styles. Samples free. Eagle Card Works, New Haven, Ct.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE costumes worn out of town this month have been exceptionally pretty, and made in simple, but becoming style, of the freshest and coolest fabrics.

Chequered materials have enormously increased with chequered costumes of every variety.

Couturieres have racked their brains to provide novel trimmings for the chequered fabrics, but bands of plain fabric, matching the prevailing shade, embroidery zephyr or thin woolen material, quite untrimmed at the edge prevail.

A charming style, much in vogue at the seaside, is a skirt covered with lace or embroidery flounces, a graceful pleated tablier chequered, a wide ribbon belt and buckle encircling the waist.

The collar and paraments are of lace.

It is draped with colored ribbon, and is in one piece with the rather loose corsage which closes diagonally under a lace or embroidery edging.

After chequers pompadour washing materials are preferred for country and seaside costumes, and very pretty, and even dressy, many of these are and supply many suggestions for autumn costumes.

One model has a skirt of ecru lawn embroidery, simply falling in slight pleats, the material not being very full.

Over this is a blouse tunic of pompadour lawn, or sateen with a cream ground, the pompadour corsage and small vertugadin paniers being separated by a velvet ribbon sash tied behind.

A collarette fichu and paraments of embroidered lawn complete one of the prettiest and freshest costumes imaginable. This is also a favorite style for flowered Indian muslins and lace.

Many ladies are wearing complete costumes of plain zephyr or lawn, trimmed with lace or embroidery.

Pink, pale blue, and cream are of course the favorite shades, but mauve and even violet are very fashionable.

For morning walks on the beach or inland, or for rambles on the cliffs, dark colored cottons are worn, figured with white spots, and colored sateens, while large shaded spots in a paler color, are seen in the afternoon for country walks or drives.

Voile is in great request, but, for more dressy occasions, such as promenades on the pier, visits, etc.

For the same purposes glace taffetas and glace or plain surahs are used.

The following toilettes are excellent examples of these dressy sea-side costumes. One is of very pale shot pink and water green taffetas, the pink showing up the more strongly of the two.

The pink skirt is edged with a ganged flounce, cut at the edge in sharp pointed scallops, and headed with a band of bronze green satin, finished off on the right with a large satin rosette; above is a second band, with the rosette a little more to the left, and above again is a third band, with the rosette in the centre.

A short, very pretty diagonal drapery of shot taffetas is edged with white lace, the left side of the skirt being exposed and ornamented with a fourth band and rosette of satin.

The tunic is draped behind with large rosettes.

The corsage is secured by a satin waistband and rosette, a full taffetas drapery, edged with lace, encircling the neck and covering the fronts.

It is evident that brocaded wool goods, some of them veilings, some with a canvas-woven ground, some with a ground heavily tinted like ottoman, are going to have a good deal of a run.

The plaids, checks, stripes, and blocked and barred stripes will probably compete with them closely for street suits, but for indoor costumes it is likely that they will be very largely in use this winter.

Needless to say that they are made up with plain fabrics, matching them as to the ground.

Upon any of the new colors, Russian green, moss green, "puhutt" gray, elephant gray, Judic red, dregs-of-wine red (which is much like the Judic shades), vert degris, dark blue, dark brown, are various smaller or larger figures in contrasting hues, or "tone on tone," and showing decided departures at the times from the conventional flower, leaf and fruit patterns. One heavy piece of winter goods with an armure grounding is sprinkled over with Gallic cocks.

One begins to distinguish certain facts concerning the probable trimmings for dresses the coming season.

The latter are of "rouge brique," or brick color; the ground is what the French call "gros bleu," a rich dark blue.

Another piece, lighter in texture and suitable for the house, is of violet veiling brocaded with huge flowers of a lighter shade, bordering on lavender.

Other pieces, again, have shields showered over them, or helmets, and similar warlike designs, and there are wool goods with spades woven upon their surface, and more conceits of the same kind.

It is too early to predict with any certainty just how these materials will be combined with the plain next winter.

But some idea may be given for autumn suits of the kind.

The figured fabric may be used for the skirt, provided it is kilted or box-plaited. A tiny plaiting of the plain should then be sewed to the foot of the foundation skirt so that it may just show beyond the figured part.

A full puff of the plain may be set across the top of the dress, bagging below the tight, short bodice.

The back drapery is plain in such cases, and either very short and turned under in a "pouf" or carried nearly to the bottom of the skirt in puffings.

The bodice may have very short round basques, or it may be peaked back and front, in which case it is cut up almost to the very waist line over the hips.

A plastron vest of the figured goods is a usual addition.

On one handsome French costume of this character is, instead of a plastron, a shield-shaped piece of the brocade at the neck, and this extends to the bust.

The sleeves have a little revers or cuff of the figured goods, and this completed the dress.

For indoor wear, costumes of plain and brocade wool are made to a considerable extent with polonaise backs and basque fronts.

The skirt is then generally of the plain, and if the materials are of the light colors and suitable for semi-dress occasions, it is pretty made with two deep plaited flounces across the front, each edged with broad lace or embroidery.

The brocaded wool tunic may then have the fronts turned straight back to meet under a bow of velvet over the tournure, and below this the back drapery may be gathered up into a short bag-puffing.

On the front and sides the basque may have an edging of deep lace or embroidery, and a jabot of the same may fall from the neck, caught there, perhaps, with a knot of velvet, which may be repeated on the sleeves.

Brocaded wool goods of fine textures are also employed by French women to mix with surahs and satin merveilleux and extremely pretty house dresses and half-evening costumes are turned out from this combination.

These things can be recommended at present as being useful for the entire winter as well as the autumn.

And another style of dress of which the same may be said is that of veiling and cashmere, with trimmings of narrow velvet ribbon.

These simple, lady-like little dresses are especially becoming to young girls. The manner of making does not vary much. The skirt has plaited flounces, round which run three or five rows of the ribbon, a plain tunic and a basque pointed back and front, surrounded with more rows of velvet, which also appear on the sleeves, and Jurus-lined with a puffed and shirred plastron, across which are strapped several bands of velvet, either straight or pointed into V-shape.

The velvet may match the material, or it may contrast strongly with it.

When dresses of this sort are made for small evening occasions—when they are of pale blue veiling, for example, or of lavender or gray, and especially when they are white—they can be trimmed, in addition to the velvet, with deep lace and embroidery.

Fireside Chat.

HOW TO PAINT ON WOOD.

THERE are few things more fascinating in anticipation than painting on china, and, perhaps, few that are more disappointing in the performance.

Visions of walls adorned with plaques, and tea-sets, or dessert plates with a different flower on each, float before the mind of the ambitious amateur, and the person who could on no account draw a straight line on paper, or a conventional flower correctly under the same circumstances, thinks that all difficulties will vanish if she can only get hold of a plate.

"Have you seen dear Gertrude's china painting?" her enthusiastic sisters or female friends will ask you.

"Isn't it quite too lovely?" And you are shown a plate adorned with a head most woefully out of drawing, or a cup with a feeble blue hyacinth straggling across it. Not to have painted on china nowadays bestows an amount of distinction on a person almost equal to that halo of modest glory that crowns the individual who has never written a book.

But, besides the ill-effects dependent upon bad drawing, which shew to worse advantage when perpetuated on china than they would if merely done after the manner of a passing sketch, even the most proficient artists have difficulties to contend with in the change of color occasioned by the process of burning.

You may learn the rules, but only experience can teach you what the colors will look like after they have been burnt in.

You have to send them to a china factory to be burned, and pay a shilling for every piece, and a great many things are spoiled in the burning, for people will not take very much pains over other people's work.

This it is that has caused wood to become the fashionable thing to paint upon, because, tiresome and difficult as some of the processes are they are at least under your own control; your work has to pass through no other hands which, as likely as not may spoil it.

Nothing looks prettier in a girl's room than brackets and book-shelves covered with her work.

Many a little boudoir owes all its appearance to its crewel work hangings, its oatmeal cloth curtains garnished with poppies in every shade of red, from the palest pink to the red that is almost black, or its deep green mantel border and curtains, all ornamented alike with sunflowers; but still it should be remembered that needlework should not be the only means of decoration because it has a peculiar property of catching the eye, so that it should be used somewhat sparingly upon the whole, and only in those places to which you wish to attract particular attention.

Too much value cannot be attached to flat painting for decorative purposes, as it fills up space in a satisfactory manner, without forcing itself on the attention overmuch.

A really nice room, like a really well-dressed person, should not strike you "all of a heap" (so to speak), should not display all its attributes of beauty at once; only a sort of general calm effect should strike you at first, the details should only be apparent upon close acquaintance.

Painting on wood is a decided acquisition to the decorative arts, and a great embellishment to most of the purposes it can be applied to.

The plainest bookshelves or wall-brackets can be rendered ornamental and interesting by its aid, and many an unsightly cupboard or cabinet improved.

Think carefully over your design before you attempt it, as hasty and ill-considered work can improve nothing, must be an eyesore rather than a decoration.

The other day I went to a house where the owner told me she had very ugly doors in a certain room, painted with light paint, that made them look like the doors of a cottage.

So she had set to work to improve them, and here is what she had done. The raised parts of the doors she had painted black with Judson's dyes; the whole of the panels she had filled up with colored scraps and varnished.

There were three doors in this room—two cupboards, and the door of entrance. The rest of the walls were light.

It is difficult by mere description to give any idea of the horrible effect of these doors.

To say that they knocked you down the moment you came in, and made you feel as most rush out, that they stood staring at you like three great horrible facts that overpowered everything else, and could not be covered or concealed in any way, would, be but a mild statement of the case.

The lady would have done far better by those doors if she had left them alone. Yet the same amount of labor and time might not have been altogether unsuccessfully employed, had she treated a folding screen in the same way, or done the upper part of it with her scraps, and laid a dado of dark paper across the bottom; this would not have been at all ineffective; and if she had placed the screen so as to cut off one of the corners of the room, it would have attracted the eye on entering, and people would have forgotten altogether that there were three doors in the room.

This is a word of warning before commencing to give instructions. Every new art that comes up is a beautifier in the hands of the tasteful, but a scourge in the hands of those who put on their color not wisely, but too well. Be quite sure before you begin to tamper with any of the structural parts of a room—the mantelpiece, doors or wainscot, that must always be there, and cannot be moved, that what you are going to do will really be an improvement, and something you can bear to contemplate when done.

Shelves and brackets, and things that can be thrown away if spoiled, are by far the best things to begin upon, and if you are unsuccessful in these, there is no saying how far you may be able to extend your labors, and save the rooms you live in from that deadliest of evils—an air of common-place.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PRAYERLESS life cannot be less than a godless one, for prayer is the only avenue by which the grace of God enters the heart.

Correspondence.

G. M., (Newark, N. J.)—No.

Lou, (Camden, N. J.) — You acted wisely.

L. M. M., (Wheeling, Va.) — Read answer in No. 9.

T. E. M., (Toland, Conn.) — We are fully supplied.

B. M. W., (Winchester, Pa.)—You are about the average height and weight for one of your age.

A. B. H., (Brooklyn, N. Y.) — Hair can only temporarily be made blonde, for as soon as it grows the natural color reappears. Only experienced hair-dressers can affect the change, which is both costly and very injurious to the hair. Better not try to improve on nature.

T. F. B., (Chicago, Ill.)—When a gentleman receives an introduction to a young lady he will not say—"How do you do, miss," but bow low and respectfully, and will either express his pleasure at having had the pleasure of being presented to her, or else he will make some remarks about the weather, the place, or almost any pleasant topic.

L. M. F., (Bush Hill, N. C.)—When friends meet at another friend's house it is the duty of the hostess to introduce those of the company who are unacquainted with each other, if she has reason to know that their acquaintance will be mutually agreeable; but it is not customary to introduce callers to each other under ordinary circumstances.

C. M. K., (Rock Hill, S. C.) — The Lydians are supposed to have been the first people who used coined money, about seven hundred or eight hundred years before the Christian era, and not long after their example was followed by the different states of Greece, the earliest coins of that country being those of Ægina. The original coins of Asia Minor were of gold, those of Greece, silver.

H. S. T., (Summerville, Pa.)—If you are in a position to marry, marry at once, if you are sure the woman you love so much loves you. If you are not in a position to take a wife, wait and work hard in order to put yourself in said position. Do not, as you say, leave happiness behind you. First, be sure that you are right, then face the music like a man. Marriage is not an "awful leap," unless to those who are unworthy of being husbands and wives.

M. M. T., (Newport, N. J.) — We know nothing of your qualifications for the stage, but would advise you to learn some trade, or study some profession otherthan that of an actor, in which you could obtain a more substantial livelihood. The mere fact of your having pleased your friends in your amateur theatricals will not warrant you in adopting the stage. Remember that the life of an actor or actress is not one of ease, but of hard work, self-denial, and beset with difficulties on every side.

L. P., (Washington, D. C.)— From the description given of the young lady with whom you seem so deeply in love, we are led to consider her as either, a confirmed flirt or one who knows nothing of her own mind. Having confessed that she loves you better than any one else in the world, it is a very difficult matter to understand why she will not consent to a marriage with you. It would be best to come to some definite understanding in the matter, and thus do away with the doubts that exist in your mind.

M. L. A., (Norristown, Pa.) — The old adage "all is fair in love and war" has its limitations. There is such a thing as civilized warfare, and whatever is not in accordance with the laws of such warfare is considered unfair by all civilized nations. It is the same in matters of love, in which some things may be done that would not be fair. We think your instincts, as to the case you mention, are correct. If you were the accepted lover of a young lady, you certainly would not think it fair for another man, knowing that fact, to try to alienate her affections from you. All you have to do in the matter, in order to act rightly, is to do just as you would like to be done by.

L. W. W., (Thoroughfare, N. J.)—The only way in which you can master the art of painting pictures, is by the closest application. You say you have talent, in which case you should cultivate it by practicing daily. Do not, however, allow yourself to become discouraged with your present occupation, but pursue it diligently until you have attained such perfection in painting that your work will command a sale when offered to the public. 2. There are comparatively few good painters in this as any other country, and it is only by dint of hard labor and the possession of a great deal of natural talent, that you can hope to obtain a place among the best, and thus gain a livelihood.

M. L. C., (Solon, Iowa.) — Spontaneous combustion is the ignition of inflammable bodies without the application of fire and without obvious cause of increase of temperature. Occurrences of this sort, formerly very mysterious, are now explained by the well-understood liability of certain bodies to undergo chemical changes which develop sufficient heat to set them on fire. Recently-expressed fixed oils are particularly disposed to oxidize when exposed to light and air. They then absorb oxygen, and give out carbonic acid and hydrogen. If the process goes on rapidly, as it usually does when the oil is diffused through light inflammable substances, as cotton, tow, the waste used for lubricating machinery, oatmeal, etc., the heat may be sufficient to set these on fire. This is the most frequent cause of spontaneous combustion.

W. S. T., (Crescent City, Cal.)—One of the things which a man probably has in mind when he speaks about his honor compelling him to do this or that is, that if he does not do it he will suffer in the estimation of those whose good opinion he values. He may also have a very sensitive feeling as to what is due to himself, arising from a nice sense of what is right, just, and true. The poet Wordsworth, in defining honor, says:—

> "'Tis the finest sense
> Of justice which the human mind can frame,
> Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim
> And guide the way of life from all offence
> Suffered or done."

That is about as good a statement as can be given of what "a man of honor" probably has in mind when he declares that his honor compels him to a certain course of action.